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## GOETHE'S FAUST.

It is now universally acknowledged, that Goethe is by far the greatest poetical genius that modern Germany has produced, and it is not less generally admitted, that his *Faust* is the most important, as well as the most perfect, of the many works which he has left to posterity. It can, indeed, not be denied, that there is a numerous and respectable class of those who, professing views antagonistic to Goethe's philosophic and religious convictions, look upon the tendency of *Faustus* with feelings of distrust, if not actual dislike; yet none of these even deny, that the poem unites in an eminent degree all the perfections which distinguish Goethe's other productions.

In his *Goetz von Berlichingen* we have, indeed, a beautiful, living and fresh—though, as a dramatic composition, still somewhat crude—picture of the last struggles of mediæval chivalry in Germany; *Werther* will forever remain one of the most wonderfully true psychological portraits of the over-sensitive,

sentimental, blasé idealist, in whom yearnings after refined enjoyment, and disgust with the realities of existence, are contending for the mastery, till they finally destroy the victim; his *Iphigenia* is the classical embodiment of every thing that is pure, and true, and noble in woman, untouched as yet by the passion of love; in his *Tasso*, the poet reveals, with a master's hand, the strife—incomprehensible to prosaic natures—to which the ideal artist-poet is doomed, with the real world around him; his *Hermann and Dorothea* is an epopee, faultless in language and sentiment, though, from its very nature, limited in action; his social novels, *Wilhelm Meister* and *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, are full of deep philosophic thought, and clothed in beautiful poetic prose; in *Faust* all these excellencies are found united into one great whole. The freshness of *Goetz*, the loveliness and classical chasteness of *Iphigenia*, the ideal struggles of *Tasso*, the philosophic depth of *Wilhelm Meister*, are all

reproduced in the character of Faust himself, of Wagner, of Margaret, of Helena; and nothing that has ever been written in the German tongue equals, much less surpasses, the harmony of the verse, and the purity and transparency of the language of Faustus.

Nor is this quite so astonishing as it may at first appear; for, while Goethe's other poems were conceived and finished—each in a separate period of the poet's life, and serve to illustrate only that phase of his development during which they were executed—the subject of Faustus was planned and commenced by our poet as early as his stay at Strassburg, and occupied his mind throughout his whole long life; for Goethe's last literary effort was the completion of its second part. We possess thus in Faust, not only the life-labor of the great poet, the grand result of his poetic genius and technical skill, but we possess in it also a picture of the whole inner life of the man, Goethe, himself, of his struggles, his longings, his hopes, his disappointments, his doubts, his convictions, his temptations, his failings, his noble traits, his conquests. As the work of his genius, Faust is like the great group of statuary, which the sculptor's mind has fondly conceived in the beginning of his career, and to the execution of which he has devoted a life's energy and labour, whilst the other works which the poet produced from time to time are but like the artist's single statues, beautiful, indeed, and perfect in themselves, yet chiefly modelled and chiselled with a view to, or at least prompted by the execution of the one great work. As the reflecting mirror of his psychological development—for Goethe, like every other true poet, only wrote when irresistibly moved from within:—in his own words, when his de-

mon constrained him—the poem is like a panoramic view that tells its tale from beginning to end, compared to which the rest of his productions are but a series of detached pictures, hung up in different chambers, perhaps viewed at different times, though illustrative of the same subject. Treasuring up then, as it does, on the one hand, all the results of the poet's studies, investigations and meditations, and revealing, on the other, the successive phases of his inner life, from early youth to advanced old age, it may safely be asserted that in completeness, in almost universal, all-exhausting comprehensiveness, Faust surpasses any other dramatic poem of which the world has knowledge. Philoctetes, Antigone, Hamlet, Juliet, King Lear, may be its equals in other respects, but the same universality of tendency they cannot claim. Even the two *Œdipus* of Sophocles, when taken in close connection with each other—as, no doubt, the poet intended—though they may approach nearest, yet must yield the palm to Faustus on that ground. But that Goethe attained to this higher result was not due to any superiority of poetic genius on his part over that of Shakspeare and Sophocles; nor did the two latter understand less perfectly to sound the depths of the human heart; it ought, on the contrary, to be solely ascribed, on the one hand, to the fact that Faustus occupied the poet for upwards of half a century, that it constitutes, as we have termed it, his matured life-labour; on the other, that it was the legend of Faustus which he chose for his subject.

This legend, or mythus, of Faustus had, for two or three centuries previous to Goethe's time, occupied the minds and pens of writers from almost every nation of civilized Europe. Nothing can prove its uni-

versal interest to the human race more conclusively than the number of books which have been written on it. In a systematic catalogue of the Faust-literature, published at Leipzig in 1857, not less than six hundred and twenty-two different works are enumerated, which all either treat exclusively of Faustus, or are, at least, in part devoted to this subject.

The two chief elements of the mythus of Faustus, are the practice of the magic art and the compact with Satan. Of the former many traces appear in the middle ages. Virgil was, even as late as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, universally believed by the Italian people to have been an adept in the magic art; Pater Baco, Merlin, Klinschor, enjoyed the same reputation respectively in England, Brittany and Germany; Paracelsus, Trithemius, and Agrippa of Netelsbach, were accused of the practice in the time of the Reformation. The earliest account of a compact with the devil appears in a Greek legend of Theophilus, *Œconomus* of the church of Adana, related by his scholar, Eutychianus, according to which, Theophilus having been deposed from office by his bishop, made a pactum with the devil, in order that through him he might be reinstated. Theophilus, however, subsequently felt deep repentance for this sinful act, and applied to the Virgin Mary, by whose merciful interference he was relieved from its fatal consequences. This legend was in the tenth century put into Latin hexameter verse by the German nun, Roswitha, and was afterwards translated into French rhymes by the monk Gautier, who died in 1236, and from whom Ru-

tebeuf, in the same century, dramatized it into a miracle-play. In the Spanish literature we meet with the legend in two shapes; in the one which Calderon has treated in his two plays, "*El Josef de las Mugerres*," and "*El Magico prodigioso*," the two heroes are saved from the powers of the adversary by dying the death of martyrs; the second is the legend of Don Juan, the Tenorio of Sevilla, treated also by Molière in the *Festin du pierre*, in which the devil carries off his victim. From these two legends the third one of Faustus took its origin; German monks, no doubt, composed it about the time of the Reformation. John Faustus was Doctor of Philosophy at Wittenberg, the cradle of German Protestantism. His life had been devoted to the investigation of abstruse science, but his laborious researches had never led to the desired result; his ardent thirst for knowledge, *real* knowledge, had never been quenched. So he despairs at last, and gives himself up to magic—to the forbidden art of black magic—hoping by this means to enter into the hidden mysteries of nature, which his books had failed to reveal, and in order to enable himself to enjoy to the full all the pleasures that earth might afford, he makes a compact with the devil, by which he agrees to belong to him for ever, after having spent twenty-four years of uninterrupted enjoyment. This is the legend which the many popular books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries relate; this is also, in the main, the substance of the argument of Marlowe's drama, which was performed as early as 1593;\* nor did the German poets who preceded Goethe, such as Klin-

\* William Mountford, who wrote a farce called "*Dr. Faustus, with the humours of Harlequin and Scaramouch*," was born in 1659, and died by the hands of an assassin in 1692.—*Lessing*, vol. xi., p. 258.

With the inquiry whether and how far Faust was an historical person, we have

ger, Müller, Schinck, and Lenz, go much beyond the plan of the original mythus, although we find in Klinger and Müller, at least, some attempts at an idealized treatment.

We come now to Goethe's *Faust*. The poem consists, as is well known, of two parts, preceded by three different introductions or prologues, in which the author has given a clear account of the plan and purpose of his work. The prologue in Heaven especially reveals, in unmistakable language, the poet's object, and the fate to which he has ultimately destined his hero; yet it has been the almost general custom to tear the two parts asunder, and to read, translate, criticise, and comment upon the first part alone, while the second has remained comparatively neglected. To view the first part as a finished poem has, to some extent, been the case even in Germany—till shortly before Goethe's death the second part was published complete—but, with English writers, this seems to be still the universal practice; for even the latest critic of Goethe's works, Mr. Lewis, has fallen into the same fatal error. Unfortunately, there has been some good reason for the neglect which the second part has experienced; for its exceeding difficulty, caused by many obscure allusions to mythology, magic and natural philosophy, and the allegories with which it abounds, deprive it of those claims to universal popularity and admiration, which must

be, and have been, conceded to the first part; yet it is clear, that it is hopeless to arrive at a just conception of the poet's objects, unless his work is considered as a whole.

But what was the object which Goethe had in view when writing this double drama of *Faustus*? The question may be answered in a few words: to represent the tragedy of the human mind; to exhibit the discord that exists between the inner man and the outward life in which he is placed, and their reconciliation. This discord is exhibited in the first part, the reconciliation in the second. *Faust* is the representative of the human race. The manifest destiny of man is happiness, produced by an ever increasing perception of truth, which, in itself, is infinite. Yearning after truth, and an earnest desire to attain to it, is, therefore, the noblest impulse that can move the human heart. But the finite human mind can progress in this perception and enjoyment of truth only with slow and gradual steps, over difficulties and obstructions, with painful toil and labour; for man is a two-fold being, with two natures dwelling in him, the one of which binds him with a thousand fetters to the earth, whilst the other strives unceasingly to free itself from these shackles, and to soar upwards into the regions of eternal, all-revealing light. It is, on the one hand, this discord of his two natures, this war within himself, which causes all his mental

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here nothing to do. We may, however, state that a magician, or necromancer, called *Faust*, performed his tricks in a cloister at Erfurt, in 1513, to the great indignation of its pious inmates. This is proved by a passage from the "*Litteræ Familiæres*" of the learned *Magister* *Conr.*, *M. Rufus*, of Gotha, who writes *de dato*, Oct. 3, 1513: "*Venit octavo abhinc die quidam Chiromanticus Erphurdiam, nomine Georgius Faustus, Helmitheus, Hedebergensis, merus ostentator et fatuus. Ejus et omnium divinaculorum vana est professio, et talis physiognomia levior typhula. Rudes admirantur. In eum Theologi insurgunt. Ego audiui garrientem in hospitio. Non castigavi jactantiam. Quid aliena insaniam in me?*" Others give Kuntlingen, now Knittlingen, as the place of his birth. No doubt, John *Fust*, or *Faust*, the partner of Gutenberg, who was heartily hated by the monks, for having helped to invent the art of printing, has also contributed his share in making up the character of the magician.



griefs and miseries; it is, on the other, their reconciliation, or, rather, the subjugation of the one under the other, which alone can lead him to the haven of happiness and peace. But this victory over his second self can only be gained, this overcoming the world can only be successful and complete, if man strives to accomplish it with honest zeal, with faith in God, and reliance on His over-ruling Providence; if he humbly submits to the shackles placed upon his powers of perception during his earthly career, if he patiently waits for greater light to be revealed in God's own time; but not while, with impatient rashness, he tries to break through these bonds; not while, with rebellious self-reliance, he takes up, single-handed, the giant contest with the world around him, and endeavours, in blind presumption, to storm even heaven against heaven's own will. This impatient and presumptuous, though honest and noble; this rash and self-reliant, though zealous and ardent, searcher after Truth; this rebellious, heaven-storming Titan is Henry Faust, as he appears in the first part. He has

"Now, alas! quite studied through  
Philosophy and Medicine,  
And Law, and ah! Theology, too,  
With honest zeal the truth to win!"

He is called Magister, even Doctor, has been Professor for ten long years; but all the sum and substance of his acquired knowledge is to know "that we may know nothing at all!" and this conviction is ready to break his heart. So far, his grief has been free from sin, for that in all his efforts after the attainment of truth, man finds himself shackled and balked at every step; that the recollection of his past aspirations should be but the remembrance of so many failures, partial failures at the best, and that the future before him promises but

a repetition of the past, is a just and necessary cause for sorrow and mental anguish. But Faust falls into sin by losing patience, by becoming rebellious, by no longer waiting for the promised increase of light from above, however long it may take in its coming. "Tis a condition no dog might longer live in!" he exclaims, and forgetful that "inscrutable in broadest day, nature does not suffer herself to be robbed of her veil, and that what she does not reveal to thy mind, all thy screws and levers will not wrest from her," he takes refuge in the forbidden art of magic, in order to see, whether

"By spirit's mouth and might,  
Some mysteries may not be brought to light,"

so that his unprofitable toil may have an end, and he, at one glance, may behold and understand

"What the world contains  
In its innermost heart and finer veins,  
Its productive powers and all its seeds."

and that he may deal no longer with words, but with deeds. He proceeds now to summon the spirit-world: first, the Macrocosmos, the all-pervading, all-productive spirit of light, whom he is, however, unable to comprehend, though not insensible to his efficacy. The contemplation of these wondrous powers brings with it the conviction that his own nature is incapable of sympathy with that of the spirit—he turns, therefore, at last, indifferently away:

"Majestic show! but, ah, a show alone!  
Nature, where find I thee, immense, unknown?  
Where you, ye breasts, ye founts, all life-sustaining,  
On which hang heaven and earth, and where  
Men's withered hearts their waste repair—  
Ye gush, ye nurse, and I must sit complaining?"

Faust now proceeds to summon

the Microcosmos. To this spirit of the earth he feels himself, indeed, in closer relationship, but yet he is ultimately made aware of his own inferiority.

"In life's gushing tide, in action's storm,  
I ebb and flow,  
Weave to and fro.  
Cradle and grave—  
An eternal sea—  
A changeful weaving,  
An endless heaving  
Of glowing life;  
Thus I work at Time's ev'r-whizzing  
loom,  
God's living garment, eternal in bloom."

These are the words with which the spirit defines his powers and sphere of action. Faust feels, or, at least, imagines to feel, some of the spirit's nature in him, and therefore exclaims

"Spirit that sweetest around earth's  
globe  
Busy spirit, I feel myself near to thee."

But the spirit replies, with scorn :

"Thou'rt like the spirit thou can'st com-  
prehend,  
But not like me!"

and vanishes. Faust is crushed to the earth and overwhelmed with despair by this harsh repulse—"not like thee? like whom then? I, the image of the Godhead, not like thee?" he cries. But for the time he is saved from the immediate consequences of this mortification by the appearance of his *famulus*, *Wagner*. Faust is the enthusiastic, never-satisfied idealist, the ardent, independent, self-thinking seeker after truth, to whom mere book-learning appears but as antiquated lumber, valuable only in so far as it has aided him in his loftier aspirations and pursuits. *Wagner*, on the other hand, is the dull plodder, the pedantic book-worm, with a soul of parchment and paper, who devours volume after volume, for no other purpose than to increase his stock of learning, which he stows away in his empty skull, as

the book-collector purchases books by the yard, and puts them on the shelves, with neither the capacity nor the intention of ever perusing them. Wagner's aspirations do not go beyond the attainment of critical accuracy; the highest object of his admiration is a handsomely written and illuminated manuscript; his greatest enjoyment, to read critically and exegetically "a worthy pergamene," as he calls it. He studies Plato and Aristotle, *Æschylus* and Homer, but in order to determine the use of the Greek particle *av*; he is, as an ingenious writer has remarked, the man who considers it superlatively meritorious to discover in an obscure monastery the treatise of some ancient grammarian, and to issue it from the press as "nunc primum e codicibus manuscriptis editum." He has opened and read many a large folio, and thinks he has done so with considerable profit, for he says of himself, "though I know much, yet would I learn still more," but the great book of nature is and remains a sealed volume to him. He does, indeed, sally forth on Easter day, from the smoky walls of his studio, to join Faust in a walk into the fields, but he does so only because it is honour and profit to accompany the learned doctor; the bright, quickening eye of spring, the joys of hope budding on mountain and vale, the swollen river and the babbling brook freed by Zephyr's breath from winter's ice, leave him unmoved, and the boisterous merriness of the people, who, in the enjoyment of their holiday, forget the cares of daily life, and gather strength and energy for the labours of the succeeding week, their fiddling, their shouting and nine-pin playing are an abomination to him, because, he says, "he is an enemy of everything that's coarse." Such is the visitor who

breaks in upon Faust's solitude and despair. He has heard him talk aloud, and thinks, Doctor Faustus is declaiming a Greek tragedy; he would like to profit in an art which, now-a-days, must be of much importance, since he has often heard it said, that a stage-actor might well instruct a parson. Faust rids himself of his unwelcome guest as well as he can, and sinks back into his despairing mood. The conviction that his own human nature is hopelessly inferior to that of the pure spirits becomes settled. The delusive hope, that by putting an end to his earthly course, he may free himself, at once and forever, from the shackles of individual existence, and penetrate, "on a new course, to those new spheres of pure activity," for which he so ardently longs, determines him to commit suicide, and even at the risk of utter annihilation, resolutely forever to turn his back on the lovely sun of this earth. With perfect serenity he makes his preparations, his hand lifts already the fatal cup, when suddenly the Easter church bells begin to chime, and the chorus of angels, of holy women and disciples, recall him once more to earth:

"Christ has arisen! Joy be to mortal man whom destructive, insidious hereditary sin shall no more imprison!

"Christ has arisen! He reigns in bliss; for, loving man, he has stood the afflicting, healing, chastening trial!"

With such words is Faust summoned back, nor are they wholly without effect:

"Why seek ye ME, in dust forlorn,  
Ye heavenly tones, with soft, enchanting power."

he asks, and bids the sacred sounds go and greet other men, who may be easier impressed, for that to him "faith" is wanting. Yea, that faith of childhood, "when the kiss of heavenly love descended upon him

in the solemn stillness of the sabbath, when the full-toned church bell was fraught with mysterious meaning, when a prayer was ecstasy of bliss," that faith is gone, gone forever, and though "remembrance now with child-like feeling" holds him back from the last, solemn step, though he prays that the sweet, heavenly strains may sound on, though "tears gush forth, and earth has him again," the concluding chorus of angels, and the solemn counsel which it contains, are unheeded.

In the afternoon of Easter Sunday, Faust, accompanied, as has been observed, by his famulus, Wagner, takes a walk into the surrounding fields. The Church celebrates the resurrection of the Lord; but Nature also celebrates her own resurrection, for it is the season of her awakening from her long winter-sleep. The trees begin to bud, the meadows put on their garments of green, old winter has retreated to the bleak mountains, whence only now and then he sends down a chilling blast to warn that he has but lately disappeared. The people, too, have for a few hours, at least, stripped off the work-day-man, in motley crowds they flock from the city gates; servant girls and mechanics, staid burghers with their blooming daughters, merry students, bold soldiers, townsmen and villagers, all eagerly press forward to greet the coming spring, and in careless abandonment to forget, for the time, the labours of the past week. Faust understands this happiness of the throng around him well enough. "Here I feel myself a man and dare to be one!" he exclaims, warmed by the sight; yet he is no longer capable to share the universal joy, for while the people are contented, after a few hours recreation, to return each to his humble sphere of usefulness, his

own transcendental longings carry him again beyond the limits of earth, so that, wrapt in the contemplation of the setting sun, he exclaims:

"Oh for a wing, to lift and bear me on  
And on, to where his last rays beckon,  
Then should I see the world's calm  
breast

In everlasting sunset glowing."

and soon after he adds the wish:

"If there are spirits in the air,  
That empire hold 'twixt earth's and  
heaven's dominions,  
Down from your realm of golden haze  
repair,

Waft me to new rich life upon your  
rosy pinions!

Ah! were a magic mantle only mine,  
To soar o'er earth's wide wildernesses,  
I would not sell it for the costliest  
dresses,

Not for a royal robe the gift resign!"

Faust returns, at last, home, followed by the water-dog who, after sunset had attracted his notice, and had attached himself to him. The walk has not been without its soothing effect: once more settled in his quiet, comfortable study, he feels that "wild desires are lulled to sleep," that "the love of man and the love of God" are stirring anew in his heart. Reason begins again to speak, hope to bloom; he yearns for the streams, aye, for the fountain of life; but alas! he feels but too soon that, much as he may wish for it, contentment no longer wells from his breast. But why is it, he asks, that this stream must so soon be dried up? how can the want be compensated? He answers, by Revelation, by turning for consolation to the New Testament, in which Revelation burns with a nobler and a brighter flame than elsewhere. He resolves, therefore, with honest heart to translate a portion of it from the original text into his beloved German, and opens the first chapter of the gospel of St. John for the purpose. But right at the outset skeptical doubts press

upon him, his utter want of child-like faith unfits him for the task.

"In the beginning was the *Word*."

The Word? What does it mean?

He cannot possibly rate the word so high. He writes: "In the beginning was the *Mind*."

That will do no better. He tries then, "In the beginning was the *Power*," but

still dissatisfied, he writes, at length, "In the beginning was the *Deed*."

Poor Faust! he imagines "the Spirit" has helped him to discover

the true meaning of the passage, while it is, in fact, but the bent of

his own heart, his own passionate longing "on a new course," to pene-

trate "to new spheres of pure, i. e. creative *activity*," that has dictated

the word deed, i. e. action, creation into his pen; for doing, acting, crea-

ting, is all that his soul craves for. The poodle-dog on the rug in the

corner has, meanwhile, not fancied this occupation of his host, and has

exhibited his uneasiness by repeated growls. Faust, annoyed by the

disturbing noise, opens the door to eject the animal, but the dog, swelling

up to elephantine size, with fiery eyes and terrific teeth, reveals

his hellish origin. The doctor now proceeds to exorcise the monster,

when, from the misty cloud, in the dress of a travelling scholasticus,

steps forth Mephistopheles.

Before proceeding further, it will be well to point out the leading

features of this Mephistopheles, as he appears throughout the poem;

for much of what follows will need no further explanation, when his

character is once understood. Who is Mephisto? What is the nature

of this mysterious being? He answers the question himself: "I

am the spirit that constantly denies; I am part of that negative

element which wills and works nothing but mischief and destruction;

which opposes everything that is, because it is." While human na-

ture is a compound of good and evil, Mephisto's nature is the unmixed element of evil. On account of this one-sidedness in his nature, he cannot sympathize with anything that is noble and good; nay, he is utterly incapable of comprehending either goodness, or the happiness arising from its practice. Being solely evil himself, he has an instinctive hatred against every thing that is good; bent only on mischief and destruction, he clenches his cold devil's-fist with malicious rage when he is compelled to witness the unceasing effects of the "ever-stirring, beneficent creative power;" he would crush and annihilate everything that exists and lives, but most especially "that damned set, the brood of beast and man," which, with never-failing, ever-fresh life-blood circulating in its veins, *will* go on producing and enjoying happiness, in spite of all that he can do to prevent it. As his nature is one-sidedly bestial, and tending only earthward, he is himself incapable of any noble thought and sentiment, or lofty aspiration; he, therefore, sneers at it with fiendish irony, whenever he witnesses it in others; nor is he always altogether wrong in his irony, as, for instance, when he laughs at Faust for losing himself into the extreme of transcendental enthusiasm. Feeling perfectly satisfied with being the king of bestiality, he even pities unfortunate humanity for being such uncomfortable compounds of beast and angel. Again, as he hates every kind of happiness and peace, he never ceases to worry poor mortals as soon as they are inclined to settle down into comfortable repose. This constitutes his usefulness; for, it is on this account that in the prologue in heaven the Almighty declares, that of all spirits who deny, the scoffer is the least offensive to

Him, because man's activity is but too prone to fall asleep, and requires every now and then a little stirring up. But the very one-sidedness of his character, the utter want of appreciation of everything noble and good, constitutes also his inferiority, and gives assurance against his final success; for, not being able fully to appreciate human nature, but judging of it as of his own, he miscalculates the means of subduing it, and, in Faust's case, at least, fails entirely in the attempt. This same unqualified bestiality of his nature also confines his power over Faust only to that period in which the latter descends deeper and deeper into the mire of sensuality, whilst every step which, from the end of the first part, he makes upwards, frees him more and more from the sway of the adversary, till at length, when the spiritual in Faust has gained again completely the upper hand, Mephisto appears but as the mere servant and bond-slave of him whose soul he had thought it so easy to carry off, as even to venture on a wager with the Almighty on his success. It is interesting to compare this evil spirit with Milton's Satan, and to see which of the two is the worse devil. The latter once *knew* good but has *chosen* evil—he is, in a word, a fallen angel; Mephistopheles has never *felt* good, he cannot appreciate it, he has from the beginning been purely evil. Hence we can with Satan, to some extent, at least, sympathize, and as he is grand in his wickedness and in his stubborn suffering, we must even occasionally plead guilty to a feeling akin to admiration; but for Mephisto we can neither feel sympathy nor admiration of any kind. The only sentiment which he awakens in our breast is utter abhorrence and detestation. We shrink from him with dread, and this feeling of dread

the poet has with wonderful skill raised in us to the highest pitch, by representing Mephistopheles not only as the element of all evil and mischief, but also by making him the prince and potentate of every kind of perverseness in the world; and as every king is, in a measure, ruled by his own laws, so also Mephisto's power is limited by the most absurd regulations, such as, that he must go out where he has entered, that he cannot enter except thrice summoned, and so forth. As king of perverseness and absurdity, he appears especially in the scene in the witch's kitchen, and during the Walpurgisnight on the Blocksberg.

But to return to Faust, whom we left when Mephistopheles had made his appearance as travelling scholar. Faust has become already so familiar with evil, that he is neither frightened, nor even astonished, at the strange sight, but appears merely amused at the way in which the adversary ushers himself into his presence. After a question or two about the character and occupation of his guest, he consents to witness some exhibition of his skill, provided his art be an agreeable one; whereupon Mephistopheles summons a chorus of his spirits, who, with a song replete with dreamy visions of every sensual pleasure, plunge the doctor into a sea of illusion, and, at length, lull him to sleep. On his next visit Mephisto makes his appearance, however, in a coat of scarlet, laced with gold, a Spanish cloak of stiff silk, a cock's feather in his hat, etc., in short, as a gentleman of quality. He advises Faust to don a similar suit, and to accept of his services in the pursuit of unrestrained enjoyment; the latter is, however, of opinion that probably no dress will defend him from feeling the torture of this earthly life; that the

world cannot offer him anything worth pursuing, for that the everlasting song, "deny yourself, renounce!" which "the God within us" rings into our ears, is enough to spoil everything that else might yet be called pleasure. Thus, he concludes:

"Existence lies a load upon my breast,  
Life is a curse, and death a longed-for rest."

Mephisto here, with malicious irony, remarks that death, after all, never proves a welcome guest, since he knew of somebody, who on a certain night had not drank a certain brown draught; however, this allusion to his attempted suicide so enrages Faust, that he breaks forth in imprecations on everything that has ever chained his soul to this den of wretchedness with flattering and blinding influences:

"Cursed," he cries, "be each vision that  
befools us  
Of fame outlasting earthly life,  
Cursed all that as possession rules us.  
As house and barn, as child and wife.  
Accurs'd be Mammon, when, with treasure,  
He fires our hearts for deeds of might,"  
etc.

till finally he curses love, hope, faith, and, above everything else, patience. Thus Faust has at length severed the last link which still united him to the divine powers of heaven and earth, and the chorus of invisible spirits cries woe! woe! over the beautiful world which he has destroyed, which a demi-god has scattered to pieces. But they urge also that he, the mighty one, should build it up again, should raise it again in his own bosom, that he should begin a new career, and that new songs should then peal forth upon it. Mephistopheles is afraid that Faust may understand this hopeful counsel as it is meant, he tells him quickly, therefore, that the spirits of the chorus had been some of his own little



ones, who wished to advise him to enter on a course of unrestrained active enjoyment, and renews the offer of his services. Faust assures him again of his conviction that as knowledge had never been able to satisfy him, so also earth's pleasures, being of a finite nature, could not possibly ever leave him more satisfied than the pursuit of knowledge had so far done. Mephisto, however, does not believe Faust, but thinks that he has something on hand which cannot fail to have the desired effect. On this condition then Faust at length consents to make the compact: "If ever I stretch myself calm and composed upon a couch, if ever I say to the passing moment, 'stay, thou art so fair,' then may my death-bell toll, then I am thine." The bargain is closed, and the two commence their journey.

Auerbach's wine-cellar, at Leipzig, is the first place to which Mephistopheles carries Faust, for the purpose of letting him witness how happy mortals may be in the care-less enjoyment of sensual pleasure. Four merry pot-companions are here assembled, who play off coarse jests on each other, shout out vulgar songs at the top of their voices, drink as long as the landlord is willing to credit, and thus kill time without thought of the morrow. But neither the carousal of the four, nor the song and juggler's tricks, with which Mephistopheles entertains them, have the least attraction for Faust; he turns away with disgust, and expresses merely a desire to depart. Mephisto sees that Faust has not yet sufficiently thrown off his old pedantic studio-habits, he, therefore, thinks it advisable, before proceeding farther, to make him some thirty years younger by an elixir of life, which an old friend of his is known to keep. For this purpose he carries him to the witch's

kitchen. As the old lady is not at home, Mephistopheles amuses himself, until her return, with the imps who guard the house in the absence of their mistress. Faust, on the other hand, disgusted with their senseless gibberish, examines the furniture of the apartment, till, at length, he stands still in wrapt wonder before a magic mirror, in which the image of the loveliest woman reveals itself to his eyes. Meanwhile, the witch arrives, and Mephistopheles at length persuades Faust, after much resistance, into taking the elixir, by the promise that he shall shortly see and possess that model of all womankind in flesh and blood. Thus the poet has prepared the way for the appearance of Margaret. Of her we need say no more than that she combines in herself everything that constitutes the loveliness of woman. Her sweet naiveté, her childlike faith, her pious enthusiasm, her virgin modesty, her touching self-forgetfulness, when her heart is once filled to overflowing with the object of her attachment, have justly made her an universal favorite, so that even those who can see no other beauties and attractions in the tragedy of Faustus, acknowledge the unsurpassed loveliness of her character. It is equally unnecessary to advert with more than a few words to the scenes which succeed Faust's introduction to Margaret, and develop the tragic fate of the latter. Faust's stately step, his noble form, the smile of his mouth, the power of his eyes, the bewitching flow of his eloquence, have soon captivated her guileless heart, so that intensest love for him leaves room for no other thought nor reflection. Partly from unselfish forgetfulness of herself, and devotion to her lover, partly persuaded by the sophistries of her neighbour, Martha, she yields to Faust's entreaties; but alas! mis-

ery, incalculable misery, follows close upon this fatal step. To guard against surprise from her mother, Faust gives her a phial, obtained from Mephistopheles, a few drops from which are to act as a gentle soporific; but the draught proves fatal—it envelopes the mother into that long sleep from which there is no awakening. Bitterest anguish, all the torments of a guilty conscience, now rush upon her, her heart is bursting within her, all is wretchedness and woe; her tears flow from earliest dawn till latest night; she prays to the *Mater dolorosa* to bend her countenance graciously to her distress, but finds comfort nowhere. Meanwhile, her shame has been noised abroad; her brother, formerly so proud of his sister, that he could, with calm confidence, boast of her to his fellow-soldiers as the flower of all maidens, now shrinks from meeting his companions, like a bankrupt debtor. In order to avenge his sister's disgrace upon her seducer, he watches at night before her house, but in the *rencontre* which ensues he loses his life. To escape from the horror of all this misery, Margaret takes refuge in the church; but her evil spirit accompanies her also there, he whispers into her ear how different it had formerly been with her, when, full of innocence, she used to come to the altar lisping prayers, half childish sport, half God in her heart! He reminds her that through her guilt her mother's soul has slept into long, long pain, that her sin has spilt a brother's blood on her threshold, and that within her, even now, something stirs quickening, torturing *itself and herself* with foreboding presence. The deep organ peals forth its thundering sounds, the chorus chants the awful words of the judgment hymn:

"Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæculum in favilla.

*Iudex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit."*

Frantic horror seizes her; she feels as if the pillars, the vaulted roof, were closing in upon her. She faints away. On the other hand, Faust's love for Margaret, on the outset, of course, entirely sensual, has, as soon as the innocent loveliness of her character has revealed itself to him, become more and more purified. Her misfortunes now fill him not only with anxiety for her, whose ruin he had caused, but also with bitter repentance and wrathful shame, that he, himself should have so deeply fallen. He endeavours, indeed, to drown the galling voice of his conscience, first, by withdrawing into forests and caverns, there to sophisticate, and to thank the sublime spirit that he gave him glorious nature for a kingdom, with power to feel and to enjoy her, and afterwards, by plunging into all the Satanic absurdities of the *Walpurgisnight*; but peace, contentment, satisfaction, he can nowhere find. In his own words, "he reels but from desire to enjoyment, and, in enjoyment, languishes for desire." This state of Faust's mind is far from satisfactory to Mephistopheles; the latter tries, therefore, again and again, to drag him down into sensual apathy, by bringing him back to Margaret; but Mephistopheles has both overrated his power and mischosen the bait with which to ensnare his victim; for the more Faust converses with Margaret, the more his soul becomes purified, and himself estranged from the adversary. Her image accompanies him everywhere, even amidst the orgies of the *Blocksberg* there moves incessantly before him a pale form, with bound feet and a red streak around her neck, in which he recognizes his Margaret. He learns from Mephistopheles, that in

frantic despair she has drowned her new-born child, and that the judgment of the earthly tribunal has overtaken her. His guilty conscience now breaks in upon him with unrestrainable force; he loads Mephistopheles with curses for having concealed her misery from him, and demands his aid for her rescue. The two arrive at Margaret's prison on the eve of her execution. The overpowering consciousness of the horrible woe which her love has brought over her and hers, of the awful crimes of which she has become guilty, without ever having intended to commit them, have made her mad. At first she mistakes Faust for the executioner, but when he falls down on his knees before her, and, with touching tenderness, calls for by her name, she recognizes the voice of the once dear, aye, the still dear, friend. Yet soon her wandering mind turns back to her guilt and misery; she feels irresistibly drawn towards him, and yet it seems to her as if he repulsed her. His affectionate eloquence cannot persuade her to escape from her doom; she becomes, on the contrary, more and more resolved to submit to the punishment that awaits her, till, finally, this determination becomes settled by the hateful appearance of Mephistopheles. "I am thine, Father, save me! Ye angels, ye holy hosts, encamp around me, and guard me!" She prays, and shrinks from Faust with the words "Henry, I am afraid of you!" Mephisto, urging again Faust's departure, characteristically remarks that she has been judged, condemned; but a voice from above replies, "she is saved!" "Hither to me!" Mephisto then cries, hurrying off his companion, whilst Margaret's voice within dies away in the words "Henry! Henry!"

Thus ends the first part.

It has been said before, that in

the first part of *Faustus*, Goethe has represented the discord which exists between the inner man and the world around him, and that the second exhibits their reconciliation. We have seen that Faust has explored all the regions of knowledge, that he has experienced every enjoyment, has experimented on every pleasure—from Margaret's love down to the Satanic orgies of the Walpurgisnight—but that the satisfaction after which he has craved, the moment to which he might say, "stay, thou art so beautiful," has not yet come. Both knowledge and pleasure have, therefore, successively proved insufficient. In what way, then, may this satisfaction be obtained? There was, after Faust's previous career, but one road to which the poet could point in answer to this question: By entering upon a course of action—not that transcendental creative activity beyond the sphere of humanity, for which Faust had impatiently longed, but activity within his assigned earthly sphere—unselfish, beneficent, prompted neither by the allurements of honor nor reward; for, as action *alone* is the product of all the powers of man combined, so, also, action can alone be productive of both knowledge and pleasure, and can alone satisfy the two opposite natures of man at the same time. In order to exhibit Faust thus unselfishly, beneficently active, Goethe needed only to have added the fifth act of the second part to the last scene of the first, since it is in this fifth act, alone, that his activity has assumed a practical character. But Goethe's plan was a wider one. He intended to illustrate in *Faustus* all the phases of his own psychological and intellectual development, to lay down in it the sum-total of the cosmopolitan views which he had acquired, of the results to which his studies and

meditations on almost every field of inquiry had led; he treats, therefore, in the second part, successively of social life, especially in its highest condition, the court, and the change from feudalism to modern representative government, in which the all-leveller, money, rules, and property, not birth, confers power; of nature, with all its wonderful productiveness, which reaches its highest end in the production of man; of poetic art, how from the classical drama of ancient Greece it has gone over into the Romantic fervor of the pious minnesingers of mediæval times, till it has, at length, in our own days, become the inspired champion of liberty, and all other inalienable rights of man; of war, especially civil war, and the mutual relations of church and state; at last, of industry and commerce, on which the welfare of nations is founded, and by which alone their liberty is cemented and secured. Goethe has thus treated of every most important element which has in modern times moved and advanced the human mind, and his second part of *Faustus* has, therefore, not undeservedly, been called a "philosophy of modern history in dramatic form." Of course, the name of drama, in the narrower sense of the word, cannot, with justice, be applied to the poem, as the very nature of its didactic purposes precludes any real dramatic action; hence its language and verse is sometimes dramatic, sometimes lyric; occasionally it assumes the plastic expansion of the epic, and then again bursts forth in the lofty strains of the religious hymns. Its different characters also are, from the same cause, all more or less allegorical, and *Faust*, himself, appears merely as the symbolic representative of mankind. Goethe, himself, has characterized the poem as being cast rather in an operatic

than a dramatic mould, and as minute stage directions for its public performance have, after his death, been found among his papers, he has, no doubt, considered it capable of scenic representation. Its symbolic and allegorical character forbids, of course, the possibility of its ever gaining as universal a popularity as the first part has enjoyed, and will continue to enjoy; for long and patient study, such as few only in these days are willing to bestow on any one work, is required to fathom its depths and solve its riddles, yet it may safely be asserted, that even the more superficial reader, if endowed with intelligence and true æsthetic feeling, cannot fail to be amply repaid for his labour by the extraordinary beauties of language, thought, and imagery, which he will meet in abundance on almost every page.

Our limited space, even if it were otherwise desirable, does not permit us to give a fuller account of the contents of the first four acts than we have already done; but as the fifth act contains not only the closing scenes of *Faust's* earthly career, but also the solution of his pactum with *Mephistopheles*, and his final deliverance from the power of the adversary through the intercession of the heavenly host, commissioned by divine mercy, we must be allowed to task the reader's patience for a few moments longer.

In the fourth act *Faust* has, by necromantic interference, gained for the emperor a decisive battle over his opponent, by which the former's throne is saved and his realm pacified. As a reward of his services he has demanded and obtained a free grant of the sea-shore. Here we find him in the fifth act unceasingly employed with cultivating and colonizing the land, which, by ditching and filling up, he has gained from the ocean. Meadows, gardens,

villages and woods, have sprung up where formerly the waves of the barren sea dashed against the sandy beach; a safe harbour has been constructed, fleets have been built and sent out, and return laden with the treasures of foreign climes; in short, agriculture and commerce flourish to the utmost, and everything indicates the material wealth and progress of the inhabitants. Wherever Faust turns his eye he sees the happy effects of his creative activity. There is but one small spot in his way, a puny plat of ground, with a decayed chapel and hut, which an old couple, Philemon and Baucis, inhabit in quiet, though inactive contentment. Faust has, in vain, offered a commodious residence on his domain in exchange for their dilapidated dwelling; the old couple have stubbornly refused to leave their ancient abode, with which all the recollections of their past life are identified. Tired, at length, of their unreasonable resistance, Faust determines to effect the exchange by gentle compulsion; but Mephistopheles, to whom their removal is entrusted, oversteps his orders and uses violence; the old couple die of fright; a stranger, who happens to be a guest in their house, is slain in the confusion; the dwelling takes fire, and both hut and chapel are consumed. Enraged at the unauthorized cruelty practiced by Mephistopheles upon the aged couple, Faust loads him with curses and dismisses him.

The next scene contains Faust's death. Arrived at extreme old age, he has, at length, become blind; yet, although he is thus removed from active participation in his philanthropic schemes, his anxiety to complete the work to which he has devoted all his energy is still unabated. He gives orders that a marsh which, with its noisome exhalations, infects the territory gained

from the sea, be drained; this accomplished, he thinks his efforts will be crowned with final success. Then, he is convinced, he will have opened a free space for millions to dwell upon; not, indeed, to dwell upon with security, for that would be fatal, but with the inestimable blessing of liberty! "Yes," he exclaims, "this is the wish that fills my heart, this would be wisdom's final purpose; for *he* only deserves liberty and life, who, surrounded by danger, whether in youth, manhood, or old age, is daily compelled to conquer them for himself. Such busy crowd I would fain see; on a free soil with a free people I would love to stand. Then I might say to the moment, 'stay, thou art so beautiful!'" The thought that he has done his part to bring about that happy time; the conviction that the trace of his earthly career cannot and will not perish in all ages to come; the anticipation of such exalted happiness gives him a presentiment of perfect satisfaction, and he sinks back in death. Mephistopheles now prepares to catch Faust's soul during its escape from his lifeless body, and summons for his assistance devils of various degree and efficacy. But heavenly hosts, composed of angels and saints, approach in a glory from above to the rescue. With roses, which the saints strew upon Faust and the fiends which surround him, they drive off the latter; for these emblems of love act like fire upon the infernal crowd, and afflict them with insufferable torment. Mephisto, himself, at first fights bravely against these strange missiles; he brushes them off where he can, but they stick like pitch and sulphur on his neck. His head, heart, liver, begin to burn with a more than hellish element, he thinks it must be the fire with which unhappy lovers are consumed! By degrees a never

before experienced passion for the beautiful boy-angels that hover above, fills him, he is wrapt in contemplation of their lovely forms; but, whilst he thus forgets himself, Faust's soul escapes unperceived, and the heavenly messengers carry it triumphantly on high. Mephisto, who had endeavoured to excite in Faust an entirely sensual passion for Margaret, and had hoped by this means to obtain possession of his soul, has allowed the coveted prize to slip from his grasp, by himself indulging, at the decisive moment, in a similar, though far more bestial passion.

The conclusion of the fifth act shows us, at last, Faust's progress after his removal from earth. First, holy anchorites are introduced in successive spheres, as Pater ecstasticus, profundus and seraphicus. Their names, as well as the words which they utter, characteristically distinguish them from each other, but all unite in celebrating eternal, omnipotent love, as the essence which penetrates, purifies, moulds and cherishes everything, and gradual revelation of this divine love as the means by which the blessedness of spirits is developed. Hosts of angels then approach in the higher atmosphere, bearing Faust's immortal

part. The younger angels break forth in unrestrained rejoicings over the successful rescue of Faust's noble soul from the power of the wicked one; but their older and more perfect brethren acknowledge that there still remains in him an earthly, impure rest, which divine interference alone can remove. Faust's immortal spirit then proceeds rapidly through various stages of development, till, at length, he appears transubstantiated as Doctor Marianus. In an ecstatic vision of the Queen of heaven, surrounded by penitents, he addresses her in rapturous terms, pleads for the helpless frailty of human nature, and acknowledges the need of divine deliverance. Margaret is of the number of the forgiven penitents; her early loved one, now no longer troubled, has returned to her, and she humbly prays the heavenly queen that, as the new day which has dawned on him still dazzles his eyes, she may be allowed to instruct him. But the Mater gloriosa tells her in reply, that if she only will raise herself to ever higher spheres, her loved one will, of himself, follow. For, the mystic chorus interprets, that which in woman is heaven-born and eternal draws man upwards.

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#### THERMOPYLÆ.

A narrow pass, through low and swampy ground,  
Hemmed in by rocks, yet all-sufficient fount,  
For Freedom's battle; nor does Atlas rise  
Uplifted nearer to the glorious skies.



## THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE: AN EPISODE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Celia.*—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Rosalind.*—With his mouth full of news.

*Celia.*—Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

*Rosalind.*—When shall we be news-crammed.—*As You Like It.*

The next morning Col. L'Isle was seated in his room, wrapped in his cloak, with a *brasero* filled with wood embers at his feet; for it was one of those windy, chilly days, not uncommon in this fluctuating climate, and he was still invalid enough to be keenly sensitive to these sudden changes of temperature. He was, too, so completely wrapped up in his meditations, that his servant had twice to announce that the adjutant was in the next room.

"Here, already!" said L'Isle, "I did not expect him until ten o'clock." He looked at his watch. "But it is ten already. Here have I been thinking for two hours, and have never once thought of the regiment. I am acquiring a sad habit of day-dreaming, or, rather, my mind has not yet recovered its tone. Ask Lieut. Meynell to walk in here."

The regimental business was soon despatched, and the adjutant, who was a capital news-monger, began to detail the local news of the day. L'Isle liked to keep himself informed of what was going on around him, on the easy terms of listening to the adjutant. But this morning he seemed to tire soon at the details of small intelligence, much of which was of a sporting character, such as this: "Warren has succeeded in buying the famous dog at Estremoz; they say he will collar a wolf without ceremony, and throttle him

single-handed; and he has the knack of so seizing a wild boar, that he can never bring his tusks to bear upon him."

"I hope," said L'Isle, "that Warren will show us many trophies of his prowess, or his dog's, rather, in the hunt."

"He had to pay well for him, though. Fifty moidores was the least his owner would take for him."

"I sincerely trust that Warren will get fifty moidores worth of sport out of him."

"He went out yesterday to try him," continued Meynell, "but Hatton, who was with him, got such a fall, (he is a villainous rider, without knowing it,) that they had great trouble in getting him back here, and it broke up the day's sport."

"Is he much hurt?" asked L'Isle.

"No permanent injury. But he fell on his head, and, at first, they thought the time come for firing blank cartridges over him."

"I trust, if Hatton is bent on dying in the field, he will choose some occasion when they do not fire blank cartridges."

As his colonel seemed little interested in his sporting intelligence, the adjutant turned to a topic that looked a little more like business. "I see that Commissary Shortridge has got back."

"Ah!" said L'Isle, suppressing a yawn; "where has he been?"

"He has been to Lisbon."

"What carried him there?" mechanically asked the colonel, evidently not caring to know.

"Business of the commissariat, he says."

"So I suppose," said L'Isle, carelessly.

"But I suppose no such thing," said Meynell. "The first thing these fellows think of is not the supply of the troops, but their own comfort. He only went to Lisbon to bring his wife here."

"What!" said L'Isle, with sudden interest, "is Mrs. Shortridge in Elvas?"

"Yes. She came with him last night."

"And is she to remain here any time?"

"As long as we stay," answered Meynell, surprised at the interest his superior now showed at his intelligence. "That is, if Shortridge can establish her here comfortably. You know, since the king's money has been passing through his hands, and some of it has stuck to his palms, he has begun to give himself airs. He speaks with the most gentlemanly disgust of the narrow and inconvenient lodgings they are obliged to put up with. He told me they were in the dirtiest part of the town, in the midst of the filthiest of these Portuguese, and sooner than let Mrs. Shortridge stay there, he will take her to Portalegre, or back to Lisbon."

"There will not be the least need of that," said L'Isle, quickly; "this house is large and convenient enough," and he looked round the apartment into the room beyond, "and is one of the best situated in Elvas."

"But you are occupying it yourself, sir. What good will that do to Shortridge?"

"Oh, I will give it up to Shortridge. It is quite thrown away on a bachelor like me. Now I am on duty again, I prefer being near the regiment, and shall take rooms at the barracks."

"Shortridge will be exceedingly obliged to you. But," added Meynell, fishing for information, "I did not think you cared a farthing whether the commissary got into good quarters or no."

"The commissary," said L'Isle, looking round on his companion with an air of surprise, then he added, in a tone of contempt, "he may lie in a ditch. Many a better man has done it. It is Mrs. Commissary for whom I would find good quarters."

"Oh, indeed!" said Meynell, elevating his eye-brows a good deal, "I overlooked that. But I was not aware that you had ever seen her."

"O, many times—in Lisbon, last year. Indeed, on one occasion I did her a well-timed service."

"What was that, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, Mrs. Shortridge, though an excellent woman, is a little afflicted with the disease of sight-seeing; and had thrust herself, with a party of other heretics, into the Patriarchal Church, to witness the rending of the veil. Do you know what that means, Meynell. I believe you are not well drilled in theology."

"Not popish theology."

"Nor any other, I fear. However, a large detachment of the live and dead saints were there, and, certainly, half the rabble of Lisbon. In the rush of this devout crowd, Mrs. Shortridge got separated from her party, and, between alarm and exhaustion, fell fainting on the pavement. She would soon have been trampled to death, had I not picked her up and carried her out bodily. I had to swear awfully at the rabble to make them give way."

"That was no small service," said Meynell; then glancing at the colonel's thin form, "I am afraid you could not repeat it, just now."

Mrs. Shortridge is a plump little body."

"I suppose not. Yet there is no knowing what exertions a man might make to save a pretty woman. However, she has been very grateful ever since, and whenever we meet we are excellent friends. I am glad Shortridge has brought her here. She is a different sort of person from himself. She has some very pleasant traits of character—in fact, she is a very good woman," and he sank into a reverie, apparently thinking over Mrs. Commissioners' good qualities.

Meynell had nothing more to tell, and hopeless of extracting anything more, now took leave. But when he had got out of the room, his colonel called him back to enquire where Shortridge was now lodged. Having given as precise an answer as he could to this question, the adjutant departed, trying as he went, to frame such a definition of a good woman as would fit his view of this case.

This little conversation seemed to have revived L'Isle a good deal. He looked out of the window and pronounced the wind to have fallen, and that, after all, it was a very pleasant day. Calling his servant to bring his boots and brush his clothes, he was soon after on the *praça* of Elvas.

This exhibited a busy scene; for the troops quartered in Elvas created a market, and drew a concourse of people from the surrounding country. Asses laden with, or just unladen of, country produce, were grouped about the square, each with his nose tied up in a net, that he might not eat his saddle or panniers. Bullock carts were seen, here and there, among them, many of the oxen lying down with their legs doubled under them, taking advantage of the halt to enjoy their *siesta*. A crowd of peasants hovered about,

and the sonorous Spanish mingling with the abrupt and squeaking Portuguese, the short black jackets and *montero* caps, among the hats and vests, generally brown, showed that many of these men had come across the Spanish border. Here was the pig merchant, with his unquiet and ear-piercing merchandise, and the wine merchant, with his pitchy goat-skin sacks, full of, and flavouring the *vino verde* Col. Bradshawe so much abhorred. Here were peasant women, with poultry, and sausages, and goat's-milk cheeses; and young girls, persuasively offering for sale the contents of their baskets, oranges, chestnuts, *bolotas*, and other fruits and nuts. Here, in the crowd, was a monk; there, a secular priest, and friars in plenty. And here, in the midst of them, were the broad-faced English soldiers, touching their caps as L'Isle passed among them—their faces growing broader as they remarked to each other, that there was still something left of the colonel. Here, too, were the lounging citizens of Elvas, who might have personified *Otium cum dignitate*, or, in plain English, laziness; but, for the presence of some of the gentlemen of the brigade, who were sauntering about with their hands in their pockets, as if caring for nothing, and having nothing to do, or, at once, too proud and lazy to do it—not much caring which way their steps led them, but expecting, of course, every one to get out of their way. Yet a spark of interest would, at times, shine out from them at the sight of a neat figure, or a pretty face, among the rustic belles, whose love of bright and strongly contrasted colours in dress, attracted the eye, and gave variety to the scene.

Some of these gentlemen stopped L'Isle to talk with him. But, avoiding any prolonged conversation, he

hastened across the *praça*, into one of the narrow and uncleanly streets, along which he picked his way, wishing that he had authority, for a few days, to turn the good people of Elvas, clergy and all, into scavengers, and enter on a thorough purification of the place, beginning with the persons of the people, themselves. A moral purification might possibly follow, but could not possibly precede this physical cleansing. Walking along, divided between these thoughts and the necessity of looking for the place he was searching for, he heard himself called by some one behind him. He turned; it was Commissary Shortridge, himself, who being rather heavy, was a little out of breath through his exertions to overtake him.

Now, there were a good many things that L'Isle despised. But, if there was anything that he did despise beyond all others, it was a commissary. A fellow who makes his gains where all other men make their losses; who devotes himself to his country's service for the express purpose of cheating it; who seizes the hour of its greatest want and weakness, to bleed it most freely; who, as often as he can, *sells* to his country straw for hay, chaff for corn, and bones for beef. The master-stroke of whose art is to get passed, by fraudulent vouchers, accounts full of imaginary articles, charged at fabulous prices; in short, a man who loves war more than Mars or Achilles; reaping, amidst its blood and havoc, a rich harvest in safety. Our commissary was not quite equal in professional skill to some of his brethren. Perhaps he had some small remnant of conscience left, or of patriotism, or of loyalty, or of caution, which withheld him from plundering king and country with both hands. Nevertheless, from being an unprosperous London

tradesman, he had, in a few years, contrived to line his pockets exceedingly well, and had now grown ambitious of social position.

How came it then, when the commissary had expressed very copiously his delight at seeing Col. L'Isle again, and yet more at seeing him so much better in health and strength than he had dared to hope, L'Isle condescendingly gave him to understand that the pleasure of this meeting was not all on the commissary's side? When Shortridge congratulated him on his promotion, and yet more on the high deserts that had drawn in upon him, L'Isle's manner implied that the commissary's good opinion gave him greater confidence in himself. How could L'Isle do this? Simply because the proudest and best of us can tolerate, and even flatter, those we despise, when we have urgent occasion to use them.

The commissary then said, "I have brought Mrs. Shortridge with me to Elvas."

"I am very glad to hear it," answered L'Isle, without betraying that he knew it before, "even one English lady is a precious addition to our society in this dull place."

"Mrs. Shortridge has never forgotten your rescuing her from under the feet of the idolatrous rabble of Lisbon. She is still a strong friend of yours, and will be delighted to see you, as soon as she is mistress of a decent apartment."

"Where is she now?"

"Not far from here—but in such an abominable hole, that a lady is naturally ashamed to be caught there by any genteel acquaintance."

"I am truly sorry to hear that she is so badly lodged."

"Our officers," said Shortridge, have taken up all the best houses; and the troops being quartered here has attracted such an additional population from the country around,

that I was afraid I would have to carry Mrs. Shortridge to rooms in the barracks."

"That will never do," said L'Isle. "But, pray, if I am in her neighbourhood, let me call on Mrs. Shortridge, and welcome her to Elvas."

Thus urged, the commissary led the way, and soon reached his lodgings. They found the lady in a room of some size, but dark, dirty, and offensive enough to eye and nose, to disgust her with Elvas, and drive her back to Lisbon, without unpacking the numerous trunks, baskets, band-boxes, and portable furniture, which lumbered the room. There, her man-servant was arranging, under her direction, while she was good-humouredly trying to pacify her maid, who, with tears in her eyes, was protesting that she could not sleep another night in that coal hole, into which the people of the house had thrust her, and which they would persist in calling a chamber.

Mrs. Shortridge, a plump and pretty woman of eight and twenty, was a good deal fluttered at seeing such a visitor at such a time. She declared "that she did not know whether she was more delighted or ashamed to see Major—I beg your pardon—Colonel L'Isle, in such a place. We who have been accustomed to a suite of genteel apartments wherever we went," L'Isle cast his eye around the forlorn and dismal walls. "Let me beg you, Col. L'Isle, to be conveniently near-sighted during your visit. I would not, for the world, have our present domicile, and our household arrangements, minutely inspected by your critical eye."

Without minding her protest, he completed a deliberate survey, then said, suddenly, "Why, Shortridge, how could you think of shutting up a lady in such a dungeon? If Mrs. Shortridge were not the best tem-

pered woman in the world, it would cause a domestic rebellion, and we would soon see her posting back to Lisbon, and London, perhaps, without leave or license. Do you forget how she yearns after the two little boys she left at home, that you venture to aggravate so her regrets at leaving England?"

"How can I help it?" said Shortridge, looking much out of countenance, "I have been into a dozen houses, and these rooms are the largest and least comfortable I can find."

"I would pitch my tent in the *praca*, and pass the winter in it," said L'Isle, "sooner than share with these people the pig sties they call their houses."

"But a lady is not quite so hardy or fearless as a soldier," said Mrs. Shortridge, "and needs more substantial shelter and protection than a canvas wall."

"I have some thoughts of getting rooms in the barracks," said Shortridge; "but it is not pleasant for a lady to be in the midst of the rank and file."

"Of course not. By-the-by," said L'Isle, as if he had just thought of it, "I intend, as soon as I get quite well, to take quarters at the barracks—I lodge too far from the regiment now. I may as well hasten my removal, and transfer my present abode to you. My house is large, well situated, and not more dilapidated than everything else is in this country. It will suit Mrs. Shortridge as well as a Portuguese house can suit an English lady."

"But I cannot think of turning you out of it," said Mrs. Shortridge. "You are still an invalid, and need every comfort and convenience about you."

"I am nearly as well as I ever was in my life," answered L'Isle, "a little like the lean knight of La Mancha, it is true; but time and

good feeding will soon cure that. And let me tell you, good feeding is the order of the day here, just now. I am only afraid we will eat up the country around, before the opening of the campaign. But my present house has a fault to me which will be none to you. There is no stabling for my horses, unless I follow the Portuguese custom, and lodge them in the ground floor of the house. I have to keep them at the barracks, and like to be so quartered, that I can put my foot in the stirrup at a minute's warning."

The commissary and his wife made many scruples at accepting his offer, but L'Isle overruled them, and at length it was settled that he should march out at the end of three days, and Mrs. Shortridge and suite should garrison the vacant post."

"And now I will leave you," said L'Isle; "I will finish my visit when you are more suitably lodged. I know how annoying it must be to a neat English woman to receive her friends in such a place as this," and he left Mr. and Mrs. Commissary full of gratitude for his attentions, and of a growing conviction that they were people of some importance and fashion.

The military gentleman in Elvas had, most of them, abundant leisure of their hands, and, like the Athenians in St. Paul's day, spent their time in little else "than either to tell, or to hear some new thing every day." Col. Bradshawe, strolling about the *praça* with this praiseworthy object, had the luck to meet with Adjutant Meynell, and at once began to pump him for news. But the adjutant, being a man of the same kidney, needed no pumping at all. He at once commenced laying open to the colonel, under the strictest injunctions to secrecy, the thing weighing most on his mind, which was the curious

little conversation he had just held with his own colonel, not forgetting to give a few extra touches to the expressions of satisfaction that the news of Mrs. Shortridge's arrival had called forth. After sifting and twisting the matter to their own satisfaction, they parted, and the colonel continued his stroll, chewing the cud of the last news he had swallowed. An hour or so after, whom should he meet with, the greatest good luck, but the commissary, himself. Now, Shortridge was rather a favourite with the colonel, being a man who knew how to make himself useful. For instance, he was the very agent who had so judiciously declined purchasing the refuse sherry wines which Soult, Victor & Co. had contemptuously left on the market; while, with equal judgment and promptitude, he had laid in for the mess an abundant stock of the best Port, Malmsey and Madeira. Two such cronies, meeting for the first time for ten days, had much conference together; in the course of which the colonel learned all about the straits Mrs. Shortridge was put to for lodgings, and how she was to be relieved through the considerate kindness of L'Isle. This led to a minute account of the occasion on which their acquaintance began, and rather an exaggerated statement of the social relations existing between the aristocratic colonel and the Shortridge firm."

"I have been sometimes gulled and ruffled by his haughty manner," said the commissary; "but now I know it is only his manner. He is very considerate of other people, and is getting more and more agreeable every day."

The commissary not having, like the colonel, nothing to do, now took his leave; a little surprised, however, seeing how glad Bradshawe had been to meet with him, at his not



inviting him to dine that day with the mess, as he had often done before.

It was observed at the mess table of the — regiment, that the colonel was in particularly fine spirits to-day. Always companionable, he, this day, enjoyed his dinner, his glass, and his jokes, and other men's jokes, with peculiar *gusto*. At length, however, the table grew thin. Duty, pleasure, satiety, and restlessness, took off man after man, particularly of the younger officers, and the colonel was left at last to the support of three or four of his special confidants, the staunchest sitters in the regiment.

Gathering them around him, he called for a fresh decanter, filled their glasses, and ordered the last servant out of the room. After slowly draining his glass, and dwelling awhile on the rich flavour of the wine, he remarked :

"We certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Shortridge, for the good faith in which he executed these little commissions. They are, we should remember, quite beside his official duties. I never tasted better Madeira of its age in my life—it almost equals my lord's best, which is ten years older; and I do not think that Shortridge made more than two fair profits out of us. I met him, by-the-bye, to-day, and would have had him to dine with us; but, for certain reasons, I think his best place, just now, is at home, watching over his domestic relations."

"What is there in them," exclaimed one of the party, "that needs such close watching?"

The colonel seemed for a moment to debate in his own mind the propriety of making a revelation, then said: "We are all friends here; and while it is desirable in our profession, and in all others, to know thoroughly the men we live among, still there are many little

things that are not to be published on parade, like a general order."

His discreet auditors assenting to this truth, he then gave a full detail of Adjutant Meynell's morning conversation with his colonel, painting broadly and brightly L'Isle's surprise and delight on hearing that Mrs. Shortridge was in Elvas.— "What do you think of that, Fox?"

Major Fox thought L'Isle very imprudent. "But he is young yet, and lacks secrecy and self-command."

"I had not well digested what Meynell had told me," continued Bradshawe, "when I met Shortridge, and lo! L'Isle had already found them out in their dirty lodgings;" and the colonel went on to repeat and embellish Shortridge's narrative of L'Isle's kind attention, and the origin of their intimacy. Various were the comments of the company on the affair. But they all agreed to the justness of their colonel's criticism, when he remarked, "that scene in the Patriarchal Church must have been exceedingly well got up. I should like much to have been by. Have you ever remarked that a woman never faints out-and-out, when there is no man near enough, and ready enough, to catch her before she falls to the ground?"

This was a physiological fact as to female fainting, that some of the company admitted was new to them.

"Now, you are all sharp fellows," said Bradshawe, with a patronizing wave of the hand, "and some of you profess to be men of intrigue; yet I doubt whether any one of you can tell me why the house is not handed over to Shortridge until at the end of three days."

One suggested one reason; another, another. But wine had failed to sharpen their wits, and he scornfully rejected their solutions.

"Three days may be needed,"

said he, gravely, "to fit a double set of keys to every lock in the house. Shortridge will have one, L'Isle may keep the other, and with it the power of letting himself in and out, at any minute of the twenty-four hours."

How stupid did his companions think themselves. The thing was now patent to the dullest apprehension.

"It is curious," continued the colonel, "that Shortridge, so keen a fellow in all business transactions, (for both we and the government have found him too sharp for us before now,) should be in these little delicate domestic relations such an egregious gull. You all know I do not view these little matters from the parson's point of view;

but still, there is a propriety to be observed. To think," continued Bradshawe, with a countenance of comic horror, of his proposing to make our friend Shortridge lie in a ditch, for his accommodation! Our punctilious comrade is getting to be a very bare-faced fellow. Just snatched from the brink of the grave, too," added he, in a sudden fit of pious indignation; "what a deliberate, cold-blooded fellow!"

Having thus, by fitting a few chance hints to each other, brought out a pretty piece of Spanish intrigue, that would have delighted Calderon or Lope de Vega, the colonel emptied the decanter, by filling the glasses all round, and each man emptying his glass, the company dispersed.

(*To be Continued.*)

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SONNET TO WINFIELD SCOTT.

ON OCCASION OF HIS RECENT VISIT TO CHARLESTON.

Scott, who thy country's honoured flag hast borne,  
Full high advanced, on many a doubtful field,  
With stubborn courage that disdained to yield,  
And on thy brow the laurel wreath hast worn,  
Nor from the foe, so often taught to mourn,  
And flee the "Gorgon terrors" \* of thy shield;  
Though years forbid that thou again may'st wield  
Th' avenging sword, to thee our hearts still turn  
With grateful homage, and with pride conspire  
To fill the ample measure of thy fame;  
Second to his † who fed the vestal fire  
Of Liberty, until the feeble blaze  
Lit up the world with its resplendent rays—  
And second only to that peerless name!

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\* Grey. † "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." *Nec viget quidquam simile.*

## MARION.

## IX.—PEACE.

The battle fought, the victory won,  
Of seven long years the work is done ;  
Far through the land the cheering light  
Of peace with welcome radiance gilds  
The lowliest vale, the loftiest height,  
The cot, the hall, with rapture fills ;  
Matron and maid alike rejoice,  
Grey headed seniors and their boys,  
The widow's heart forgets its pain—  
The lost has not been lost in vain,  
And peace may fill his place again—  
The mother, of her sons bereaved,  
At last finds solace and relief ;  
In freedom for their home achieved,  
She feels a balm that soothes her grief.  
No lot so low but sees a bliss  
In Peace and Hope's fair promises.

And what of those who daily led,  
Through years of want and suffering bled,  
Unpaid, half-armed, half-clad, half-fed ;  
Of those, whose iron nerves had riven  
The chain that bound the timid crowd ;  
And to its loud acclaims had given  
Their present raptures long and loud—  
The ragged soldier—what of him ?  
Do open hands their gifts bestow—  
Do hearts with generous ardour glow—  
Honouring the mutilated limb,  
The gaunt, scarred frame ? With garlands bound,  
Praised, petted, followed, flattered, crowned,  
March-worn and labour-wasted now,  
Unfit for toil of spade and plough ;  
Finds he at last some happier lot,  
Some place of ease and bounteous cheer ?  
His wounds and sufferings are forgot,  
His claims excite a smile or sneer,  
Disbanded, scattered to the winds,  
No home of rest the veteran finds ;  
A burthen to his country grown  
Compelled to beg or take his bread ;  
No cur, that gnaws his lonely bone,  
More grudgingly was ever fed.  
Upon that bright December day,  
When crowded transports filled the bay

To bear the conquered hosts away,  
 The rapturous joy had been complete  
 If, while the favouring breezes blew,  
 The bay had borne another fleet  
     Of transports for the conquerors, too ;  
 Fond wishes, then, for favouring gales  
 Had filled the soldier's parting sails,  
 Warm hopes had moved the people's heart  
     That Fortune, with auspicious hand,  
     Would lead to some far richer land  
 The veteran, and her gifts impart,  
 The amplest, fairest, so that they,  
 For them who won that glorious day,  
 No burthen bore of food or pay ;  
 The debt of gratitude too great,  
 They left the soldier to his fate.

Yet, though the baser spurned his claim,  
 And scorned the warrior's honest fame,  
 All generous hearts, a noble few,  
     Amid the vile more purely bright,  
 As scattered stars, in skies of blue,  
     Shine clearest in the gloom of night ;  
 All generous hearts with grief deplore  
 The war-worn soldier's scanty store,  
 The country's promise falsely spoken,  
 The contract made, and meanly broken,  
 The garb of rags, the dole of food,  
 The country's base ingratitude ;  
 And gentler hearts with pity glow,  
 And favours fairer hands bestow,  
 And love's sweet sympathies impart  
 Their treasure to the veteran's heart,  
 His toils reward, his fortunes cheer,  
 Who more than he deserves the fair ?

For him, the bravest of the brave,  
     Who, in his country's darkest hour,  
 Still bade her dauntless banner wave,  
     Still challenged the invader's power ;  
 For him one gentle bosom warmed,  
     One eager ear, intent to hear,  
 Insatiate sought the tale that charmed  
     Her heart with Marion's bright career :  
 She cherished the heroic name,  
     The courage, ever prompt to dare,  
 The Patriot Chief's unspotted fame,  
     The noble spirit, prone to spare,  
 That through long years of civil strife  
 With wrong and rancorous passions rife,  
 Had passed without reproach or fear,  
     And now could challenge friend or foe,

In all that brave and bright career,  
 One blot or stain or shade to show,  
 Conscious no mortal tongue could speak  
 A charge to flush his manly cheek.

With warm devotion, many a day,  
 Her hand had smoothed the warrior's way;  
 The wanted aid had always lent,  
 And many a secret message sent  
 To warn him of the cunning wile,  
 The Briton's wrath, the Tory's guile;  
 And, now, his suit the warrior pays,  
 Nor pays in vain—she loved to praise  
 The chief and matchless partisan;  
 And from the chief to love the man  
 Is but an easy step, 'tis said,

Though silver threads, not singly now,  
 About the woer's temple spread,  
 And broader showed his noble brow;  
 But still, in minstrel's tale, is sung,  
 That love, if true, is ever young,  
 Nor fails, with all his purest light,  
 With tenderness as warm and true,  
 In winter climes to shine as bright  
 As sixteen summers ever knew.

X.—RETIREMENT.

Sweet is repose by labour earned,  
 And safely won from perils past,  
 As skies, through breaking clouds discerned,  
 Are brightened by the stormy blast,  
 And smile upon the gazer's sight  
 With softer blue in purer light.  
 Amid his old ancestral woods,  
 The forest pines, that sentries stand,  
 Like marshalled giants of the land,  
 To guard its solemn solitudes,  
 The mansion house of Marion rose,  
 With peace, and love, and honours blest,  
 Of weary wars a fitting close;  
 A place of joy, a home of rest,  
 A shrine of hospitality.  
 Its open portal sought the eye  
 Of every stranger wandering by,  
 And with a welcome, sure and warm,  
 Enticed his lingering step to stay,  
 And won him, with a growing charm,  
 To loiter joyous weeks away;  
 Around the board, of ample cheer,

With heart's still young, from day to day,  
The stern old warriors revelled there,  
Alert and strong, though worn and gray,  
And talked, with never wearied ear,  
Or tongue, of battles fought and won;  
And, sometimes, with a soldier's tear,  
They named the names of comrades gone,  
Brave hearts, but fated not to see  
Their country's final victory.

About the mansion broadly lay  
Green pastures for the generous steed,  
There colts securely frisk and play,  
And flocks and herds at pleasure feed;  
With bell adorned, about the lawn,  
His lithe limbs formed almost for flight,  
A forest deer, a spotted fawn,  
Leaps gracefully—its eye of light  
Made animate; a spirit's eye  
Shone never yet more radiantly.

Broad fields and fertile swamps sustain  
Their crops of maize and golden grain;  
Long garner, with an endless store  
Of pulse and roots are running o'er;  
And still, to aid the mansion's fare,  
Woods, floods, their various gifts prepare;  
The bearded gobler's ample weight,  
Fit for a festival of state;  
Blue teal and summer ducks supply  
Another faultless luxury;  
And rice-reared birds—more delicate  
A dainty, princes never ate:  
The lake, the pond, their daily dish  
And sport bestow, of various fish,  
The choicest product of the stream,  
Delicious trout and peerless bream.  
But chiefest of the country cheer,  
Fat haunches of the forest deer—  
Not like the herds, park-fed and tame,  
That give no taste of sylvan game—  
These range at will the distant woods,  
And browse the glades and swim the floods;  
And, when the hunter's horn is heard,  
And opening dogs are on the cry,  
No sport so deeply ever stirred  
The heart with joy—the hunter's eye  
Flashes with fire, he spurs his steed  
Through bush and brake with furious speed,  
Till reached the stand, his steady aim  
And sharp shot stop the flying game.  
Brave sports, and worthy to impart  
Due vigour to the hand and heart,



To train them for the bolder game  
 That guards their country's flag and fame;  
 Who has not felt the joy they give,  
 And loved the life the hunter's live,  
 When free as air he widely roves  
 The hill, the vale, the fields and groves,  
 Where nerve and eye, from every scene,  
 Fatigue and toil, grow strong and keen;  
 Fit, too, the sport for veterans, when  
 The bolder hunting past of men—  
 They want some mimic scene of strife  
 To mind them of their ancient life.

Here, prompt to do each generous deed,  
 The widow and the orphan feed,  
 With ready hand and open door,  
 To right the wronged, to aid the poor:  
 In every plan for good to lead,  
 To give desert its fitting meed.  
 Truth, knowledge, virtue to sustain,  
 The jars and ills of peace restrain  
 With vigorous hand and steady rein,  
 He lived beloved—his waning years  
     Flowed softly as a river flows,  
     Where green and flowery banks enclose  
 A quiet stream, that gently bears  
 Its tribute to the parent deep,  
 And in its bosom sinks to sleep.

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TRANSLATION OF PRAYER,

COMPOSED IN LATIN, BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

My Lord and my God!  
 I have trusted in Thee,  
 Jesus, beloved!  
     Now liberate me!  
 In bitterest chains, in misery's pains,  
     I long towards Thee!  
 I languish and moan, I inwardly groan,  
 I kneel at Thy throne;  
 Adore Thee, implore Thee, to liberate me!  
 Now liberate me!

## THE PRINCESS ILSE.—FROM THE GERMAN.

There was a fearful confusion of seas, lakes and rivers, during the sin-flood—all the waters of earth were commingled, had climbed up the hills, and shot their wild waves over the loftiest mountain tops—and when the good God, pitying at last earth's sorrowful plight, bade heaven's bright lights to disperse the grey clouds, and the waters to separate and to return home to their valleys; surely no brook, no streamlet, would have found its old bed again, had not hosts of good angels descended to earth and guided them in the right path.

As the tall peaks of the loftier mountains peered above the mass of water, the angels flew to their summits, and driving the waters before them, sank slowly to the plains. And, as they descended lower and lower, they fixed again the course of stream and brook, gave the ocean his bounds, and fettered the seas, either with jagged, rocky chains, or with the green cincture of forest and moss covered banks. With broad wind-besoms and brushes of sun-rays, they bustled about the moist earth, wiped the mud from the grass, dried the water soaked leaves, and were in general so active as to raise a complete mist, which hung from the cliffs, a perfumed cloud-veil.

Their labour, which had continued many days, was now almost at an end, when it happened that a wearied angel sat resting on one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps. Thence he had a wide prospect, north and south, east and west. Lost in thought, he was gazing on the green earth, which had just emerged from that great sin-bath,

so pure, so bright, so youthfully fresh. "How lovely it is!" he thought, "how brilliant in its purity! Will it always continue thus spotless? Will the misery and desilement, caused by sin, which have been washed away with so much water, never again return? Will sin never again lay its dark, heavy hand on the lustrous face of the renewed earth?" A sigh of sorrow and doubt escaped from the good angel's bosom, as he turned his dazzled eyes from the morning sun, which, like a blood-red flame, was slowly rising above the horizon. He then turned a long look to the spot, whither the German streams had subsided. He saw them gliding on in the distance, the larger rivers in advance, the smaller following, and a whole host of satellite-streams and brooks bringing up the rear, as they hastened joyfully on. He felt happy in the thought that they were so carefully led; that, all doubts being solved for them, they were kept from confusion, and that there was no rivulet, however tiny and insignificant, which an angel did not accompany, bringing it back to the right path when it, either lingering or uncertain, strayed away, and carefully guarding it when, awkwardly and heedlessly, it tumbled over some cliff. He saw the lusty Rhine, his brow encircled with a full crown of grapes, speeding restlessly on; and the angel thought he heard in the distance the shout of joy with which he greeted his beloved Moselle, as she, her hair also wreathed with the grape, blushing advanced towards him.

Further and further the waters receded; their roar and shouts

gradually dying away in the distance; but our angel still sat alone on the Alpine height. Suddenly another sound broke upon his ear. It was a soft and deeply-mournful strain of sorrow, and a moaning plaint. Rising and stepping behind the crag, whence the voice proceeded, he discovered, wrapt in a white veil, a young springlet, lying on the ground, and weeping bitterly. Full of compassion, he stooped to her, and, as he raised her and removed her veil, he recognized little Ilse, for whom a green bed, far off in the valley of the Harz mountains, had been prepared. "My poor child," said the angel, "hast thou been left all alone on this rough, bleak mountain, while all thy companions are gone? Did no one remember to take thee, too?" Little Ilse gave an indignant toss of her head, and answered pettishly, "no, indeed, I haven't been forgotten." The old Weser waited long enough, beckoning and calling to me to come, and the Ecker, and the Ocker, wanted to take me by force, but I would not go with them—no, not if I should die here. Shall I stoop to the valleys? flow, like a common stream, through the plains, doing menial service? supplying water for sheep or oxen, and washing their filthy feet? I, the Princess Ilse! Can you not see that I am of the noblest race? A ray of light is my father; the crystal atmosphere my mother; my brother is the diamond; and the dew-pearls on her bed of roses is my loved little sister. The waves of the deluge have borne me aloft, I have played around the snow-capped peaks of the most ancient mountains, and the first sun-ray that burst through the cloud covered my dress with sparkling jewels. I am a princess of the purest water, and really cannot return to the valley. Therefore, I hid myself, and pretended to

be asleep, and thus that old woman, the Weser, with the stupid little streams that knew no better than to rush into her arms, was obliged to go, grumbling, without me."

The angel shook his head sadly at the long speech of the little Ilse, and gazed earnestly and scrutinizingly into her ashy-pale face. He looked long and steadily in her blue, frank, child-like eyes, now quick-flashing with rage, and seeing dark spots floating in their clear depths, he recognized that in little Ilse's head an evil guest was playing his own game. Yes, the demon, Pride, had taken up his abode there, had driven thence all good thoughts, and was now, from one of the eyes of poor little Ilse, giving taunting looks to the good angel. This haughty devil had often before turned the head of many a foolish child, even though not quite a princess of the purest water; and the compassionate angel knowing, therefore, the danger of the little springlet, sought to save her at all hazards.

To his deep, contemplative eyes, Princess Ilse seemed but a naughty child, and, therefore, he did not address her as "your highness," or "your transparency," but simply as "dear Ilse." "Dear Ilse," he said, "if thou hast remained here of thy own free will and holdest it altogether unworthy of thee to return with the rest of the waters to the plain, thou surely should'st be happy, and I cannot at all understand why thou weepest, and bemoanest thyself as thou dost."

"Ah!" replied the Ilse-child, "when the waters were all gone, the Storm-wind came to sweep the mountains, and became furious when he saw me—he scolded me, and rated me, and foamed against me, and shook me, and wanted to hurl me from this precipice down into that deep, black abyss, where no

ray of light ever penetrates. I begged, and I plead, and I wept, and I clung trembling to the rocky crag, until I was, at length, fortunate enough to escape his grasp, and to conceal myself in this crevice."

"But thou wilt not be always so fortunate," said the angel; "the Storm-wind holds a stern rule here, and sweeps very thoroughly. Thus, thou seest, dear Ilse, it is very foolish for thee to remain here alone; it is better cheerfully to follow me. I will carry you back to the kind old Weser, and to thy young companions."

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried little Ilse. "I will remain here. I am a princess."

"Ilse," said the angel, with his mild, soft voice, "dear little Ilse, I only wish to do thee good. Do not turn from me, but be a good child. Seest thou that white morning-cloud, floating yonder in the blue firmament? I will call it, and then we'll both get on it—thou recline on its soft cushion, and I beside thee, and it will thus quickly waft us to the still and quiet vales where flow thy fellows. There shalt thou lie in thy green bed, and I will remain by thy side, whispering many a bright dream, and telling many a beauteous tale."

Princess Ilse, however, was incorrigibly stubborn, and exclaimed only the more obstinately and fiercely: "no! no! I will not go down, I will not return!" and as the angel approached, and sought to take her gently in his arms, she struck at him, and squirted water in his eye.

Sadly the angel sat on the ground, and princess Hard-head crept again into her rock-crevice, rejoiced that she had displayed so much character, and gave the angel, who once again endeavoured to persuade her to go with him, only short and positive answers.

When the good angel perceived that despite his love, he had lost all influence with the little Ilse, and that the evil spirit had entire possession of her mind, he turned, with a sigh, from the lost child, and rejoined his companions, who were still hard at work in the plains below.

Princess Ilse, on her part, finding herself again alone on the Alps, resolved to enjoy her highness to the utmost. Emerging from her crevice, she took a seat on a projecting rock, spread her perfumed drapery in deep folds around her, and then waited, expecting the other mountains to do her homage, and the clouds to stoop and kiss her garments. Nothing of the sort, however, happened, though her little highness did assume an imposing look, till, tired of sitting so long, and very wearied, she sighed: "with a little *ennui* I should have been well content; that is only what one of my rank must expect—but even a princess is hardly called upon to endure such a horrible amount. And as the evening drew nigh, and the sun had retired, and the roar of the on-hurrying Storm-wind was heard in the distance, our poor little springlet began again to weep hot tears of terror; and, despite the consciousness of her own bravery, and her joy at having refused to follow the angel, still her self-satisfaction could not allay her fear of the Storm-wind.

It grew darker and darker. Oppressive, stifling vapours rose from the abyss; dull, heavy thunder rolled rattling along the depths below, and little Ilse thought she would die of her unspeakable terror; her breath seemed stopped by the hot, sultry atmosphere which surrounded her. Suddenly a sickly, lurid ray of light flared through the darkness, and the trembling springlet saw, standing before her, a huge,

dark man, wrapt in a red mantle. Making a deep obeisance, he began: "Most gracious princess." This was sweet music to little Ilse, and repressing her fear of the strange, uncouth figure, she lent a ready ear to his seducing words.

The dark man said he had been near her, had overheard her conversation with the angel, and was rejoiced that she had treated him so curtly. He could not understand how any one could wish to reduce to the common level, and to bury in a gloomy valley, so much grace and so many charms—in one word, a princess who was the wonder and admiration of all. He spoke of the brilliant future which awaited her, if she would only allow him to be her slave; told her of his almost fairy country seat, on one of the loftiest and most beautiful mountains in Germany—thither would he fain take her, and there surround her with the brilliant court, and with the luxury and the magnificence which befitted her exalted station. Amid pleasures and joys should she sit, enthroned above all earth's waters, great and small.

Little Ilse's heart beat quick in joyous anticipation of the fulfilment of these bright promises. And when the dark man drew from under his mantle a large, golden vase, its richly worked pedestal studded with glittering jewels, placed it before her, and solicited the most lovely of princesses to take her seat in it, so that he might bear her to his beautiful Brocken, where countless servants were already preparing jovial feasts for her; our little Highness completely lost her head and all power of thought. In gleesome haste she sprang into the golden vase, so that her waters splashed high in the air, and so that a couple of drops fell on the dark man's hand, where they evaporated with

a hiss, while a burning pain shot through little Ilse's limbs.

Frightened, the poor child seized the rim of the vase, as if to leap out, and glanced timidly in the man's face. He only laughed at her, seized the vase with his powerful hand, drove the Storm-wind ahead of him, so that little Ilse might not fear being overtaken by him, and sped like an arrow through mid-air. And our little springlet, quickly forgetting her pain, remained quiet, and made no more resistance, never dreaming that when she stepped into that glistening barge, she had abandoned herself to the devil. It did frighten her a little, 'tis true, to be whizzing thus through the dark night, and when, from the rapid motion, the vase reeled to and fro, little Ilse trembled, crouched close to the glittering bottom, and drawing her robe tightly around her, took good care to lose no more drops—she knew now how painful that was.

The clouds were breaking, and the moon slowly rising, when they reached the Brocken. Wild shouts, yells and shrieks greeted them; a motley throng of uncouth figures mingled strangely together. The Brocken's lord, however, commanded silence, placed the vase with little Ilse on a broad, high rock, as on a throne, and bade his rollicksome vassals to form a circle and do homage to the Princess of Waters.

It was an intoxicating moment for little Ilse. She thought she had at last found her proper sphere. Proudly drawing herself up, she rose a graceful water-ray, and graciously bowed to all around. Half blushing, she sank her head, as a loud "Ah!" of admiration ran through the circle. It was no time, however, for the Ilse-child, with the demon Pride still in her heart, to feel humility. Sweetly ravishing

music rose in voluptuous strains, and the enchanted princess danced and sported in her brightly polished vase; and raising and sinking her curly head, she made her transparent pearl drops ring against the golden basin. The kind-hearted old bachelor, Full Moon, who is not over critical, but sheds his light on all, good and evil, could not but place on the vain child's brow a crown, brilliant with glittering silver stars and his broad old mouth became twice as broad with pleasure, when she nodded him her smiling thanks.

Not every eye in the devil's court, however, regarded the dancing little Ilse with admiration and wonder; many a vain young witch, thinking herself the most beautiful and charming princess, saw with bitter envy, another thus fêted. Two of these rude young hags, going up to the vase, began scoffing and mocking the little princess to her very face. "That thing there," said one, "twists and flaunts about, and puts on all sorts of airs, and is yet so lank and lean that one might blow it away. I would like to know how the pale beauty will succeed, when she dances with the Storm-wind, and is whirled round by him as we are accustomed to be?" "But poorly," replied the other, contemptuously shrugging her shoulders, "and to ride on the broom, she'll never in her life learn. But don't you hear the drums and cymbals? We'll dance a jolly dance, and stamp on the earth till we make a fine slough for the bright chit to live in. Then we'll see what will become of her beauty, and then must this Princess Boiling-water become our obedient slave."

These angry words of the weird sisters, which she distinctly heard, deprived little Ilse of all wish to

dance. She sat down quietly in the bottom of the vase, and although she saw all the wild forms hastening to the other side of the mountain and arranging themselves for the dance, she only pondered over the meaning of the wicked witches. The taunt about the Storm-wind had greatly troubled her; but what caused her the chief uneasiness was that "slough," and that "Princess Boiling-water." Princess Boiling-water she had never yet been called; and she, who was born to rule, could surely never be the servant of hags. She resolved to ask the Brocken's lord, who was just approaching, for an explanation; but, before she could arrange her words, he was beside her, and tapping her with his finger, made Ilse tremble with pain. The devil only laughed again, and said: "The night is rather cool, most gracious princess; and not only are you already chilled, but you will freeze if you remain in this shallow vase. I have ordered a warm bed prepared for you by the fire yonder, where you may sleep comfortably and keep warm. If you will turn your radiant little head yonder, you will see my mistress-in-chief of the court-kitchen, busy stirring the fire, and throwing pretty playthings in your bed, so that time shall not hang heavily on your hands. Come, let me carry you there."

Little Ilse looked where he pointed, and saw a deep brazen caldron hanging over a bright fire, which flared up with a flickering blaze from the earth. The old woman, however, who was standing near, looked so disgusting and repulsive, and the playthings she threw into the caldron were so extraordinary, that little Ilse, who was already somewhat suspicious, declined being just then carried there, saying she would rather watch the dance yet



awhile; that the chilliness didn't annoy her; that she sat here in her golden vase as pleasantly as in a balcony; was quite far enough not to be disturbed by the dust, and could still see everything, and amuse herself very well. The devil replied, he wouldn't interrupt her pleasure, but would return in an hour; and with that he crossed over to the dancers.

The pleasure, in our princess' opinion, had become but small, as she was compelled to sit all alone, looking now at the wild, loathsome group of dancers, and now at the fire and the caldron, into which she now distinctly saw the aged hag throw the most offensive animals: spiders, and slimy toads, and snakes, and lizards, and bats, which she caught flying around the fire, and, after cutting their wings, threw in with savage glee.

An utter abhorrence of the hellish crew, among whom she had fallen, seized little Ilse; and, as it occurred to her that she would be put into the caldron to warm herself, she understood what the witches meant when they scoffed at her as the Princess Boiling-water. In deep agony she clasped her white little hands, seized her veil, and held it to her mouth to repress the anguished cry which rose from her inmost soul. "Oh!" she sighed, "if I had only followed the angel! He, at least, would have been kind to me!"

As she glanced around in despair, and perceived that she was quite deserted and alone on her side of the mountain, the witches and devils either dancing on the other side, or crouching around the fire; the idea of flight suddenly occurred to her. "Away! away!" she whispered, "no matter whence." Quick as thought, she rose, climbed over the rim of the vase, and then, with

her snowy little legs and transparent drapery hanging over it, but still holding on to it with her hands, she gave one timid glance to see if she was observed. No one, however, noticed the little princess, save the good old moon, who smiled to her. To him, however, she turned her weeping, child-like, prayerful eyes, and placed her finger on her lips, so that he surely would not have the heart to betray her, even if he should be asked about her.

Little Ilse, finding herself, as said, altogether unnoticed, let go the rim of the vase, and tried to slip down noiselessly. But the vase was very high, and the granite block, on which it stood, still higher; and so, though she was very careful, there was still a splash as she touched the ground. Frightened at this, she crept trembling under two large stones. Her crown of stars she had modestly taken off and left in the vase. Her stay at court had afforded her but little pleasure, and her object now was, not to play the princess, but to escape quietly and unseen.

Terrified, the little springlet clung closely to the stones, and begged them to protect her. And the old stones, which had never before felt such young, warm, throbbing life on their bosoms, were greatly moved, and pressed themselves so closely together, that no eye, not even that of the Moon, could catch a glimpse of her. Then they showed her a little hole in the ground, into which she squeezed herself. Then she found in the soft earth-cushion, which covered the mountain's stony ribs on this side, a long furrow, which, perhaps, some wood-rat had burrowed. Groping about in the dark, little Ilse found that it led down hill, and glided a good way down the mountain, when her path became suddenly broader and more

uneven—it seemed to run between loose, rolling stones. Some of these, detached by her steps, rolled down before her. Still, she glided on in the darkness of night, pressing over stones and all, even though, every now and then, a strong, cold draught of wind would strike her. And when the path, after suddenly sinking more rapidly and abruptly, disappeared altogether, she came from under the stones, and looking up to the clear, frosty heavens, saw a few stars there still, which, with their dull, pale light, disclosed to her nothing but a wild confusion of stones, large and small, among which no way was to be seen. Just then there rose again upon her ear the wild music, the shrieks and the hoarse whistling, of the dancing witches of the Brockenberg; and little Ilse, who had paused for a moment, not knowing whither to direct her steps, frightened by these sounds, plunged over the rocks in breathless haste. She cared not if she dashed against the hard cliffs, bruised her head and tore her dress. "Away! away!" she only whispered, "where the Brocken Prince and his uncouth hosts cannot find me."

The breaking dawn caused her great anxiety. "The Night," she thought, "is quiet, and will not betray me; but this gossipy Day, it will be sure to tell where I have gone." And stooping down, she ran, crouching, behind the stones, only rising now and then to inhale the morning air.

Between high, wooded mountain ridges, there sank a deep, dark green ravine, leading gradually to the valley below, and into this little Ilse had blindly tumbled. Countless rocks, crumbled from the mountain side, were strewn along the bottom; and, rolled the one on the other encircled by pine roots and covered

with moss, they presented a very gloomy and imposing appearance, and seemed by no means inclined to move out of the path of the streamlet, which had so thoughtlessly leapt among them. But the Lord God, taking pity upon poor little Ilse, as she fled, terrified, over the stones, allowed the forest to open to her his green doors, and to take her in charge. The forest is a holy cloister for wandering children who, in the world at large, have done or thought evil. None of the evil spirits which possess the young can endure the peaceful wood-sabbath—the demon Pride, least of all. How, too, could they exist in the presence of the solemn majesty of the forest king, the pine, who affects nothing, on account of the strength and excellence which God has given him, but who, his lofty head immoveably looking towards heaven, remains firm and unshaken on the spot God has assigned unto him, even when the storm rages around him, and rather dies broken than yield to its temptation—truly a king "by the grace of God."

The Ilse-child did not yet know all this, but thinking the pine roots only made ugly faces at her, she sprang timidly over them, and hurried deeper and deeper into the wood. That the demon, Pride, had abandoned her, when, flying from the devil and his witches, she rushed down the Brocken, and that he had been driven away by her tears of sorrow and repentance; this little Ilse knew no more than that he had once held possession of her in her days of frivolity; but still, she felt freer and safer in the green forest shade, behind the golden trellis, which the obliquely falling sun-rays had spread over the turf. The further she was from the Brocken, the more at home and the bolder she felt. The pine, she thought, did not turn

any more such dark and reproving looks upon her as at first; soon, too, the staid and venerable oaks, to protect her, stretched their broad arms over her; while the gay, bright beech, pressing between the sombre pines, nodded smilingly to her, and then catching the sun's rays, would throw them, like golden arrows, at her. Little Ilse, who, like a true child, had quickly forgotten her troubles, flowed joyously, plashing on among them; and when in their happy games a sun's ray was thrown to her, she would catch it, and either bear it triumphantly aloft, or would pin her veil with it, and then, as she leapt forward, would throw it jestingly among the flowers and the grasses, which stood by the way-side, gazing curiously at her. She was again a happy, thoughtless child, and the green wood also rejoiced in the little fugitive, to whom he gave shelter and protection. It is true that for the stones, large and small, which, wrapt in their soft moss-cloaks, lay dreaming on the ground, all contemplation was at an end, since little Ilse began dancing and bubbling over them; but still they were her fast friends. When some thick, heavy fellow would get in her way, so that she could not pass, she would first stroke the rough cheeks of the hoary stone with her soft hands, and murmur some gentle prayer in his ear. But if she found all this of no avail, she would get angry, stamp her little feet impatiently, and rush with so much force against the old recusant, as to make him totter. Then, if there was the slightest crevice, she would rush in with all her might and main, burst the sluggish stone apart, and shoot wildly and impetuously through the fissure. When the ravine became steep and precipitous, it was charming to see how gracefully our little princess bound-

ed gurgling from cliff to cliff. At such times she would put on a soft, white foam-cap; and when one was either torn or mashed by some jutting crag, she always had another at hand, white as the Alpine snow, freshly ruffled.

Upon many a sunny cliff of the mountain, where the grass and moss grew softest and most luxuriantly, the trees stood far apart, making place for their little ones, who were there in troops, growing and learning to be trees.—Here sat many young pine-children, having spread their stiff, green garb, like cushions, on the grass around them, shaking their heads wisely, and wondering if little Ilse would never become tired of running and leaping. The very youngest of the springlets, however—even those which had as yet barely learnt to creep—were not so apprehensive as the pine-children; but when they heard little Ilse whispering her sweet songs, would glide secretly and drop by drop, out of the rocky crevices, and through the surrounding moss, ever approaching nearer and nearer to her. And little Ilse, when she heard their gentle ripple, and saw them coming, would beckon to them and urge them to hasten forward. But oftentimes would the tiny springlets stop from fear, when they saw the princess splashing over the stones so far beneath, not venturing to make such a leap, and yet seeing no other path. Then would Ilse call to them, luringly, with her clear, ringing voice, and to encourage them would roll up to them stones thickly covered with moss to step down upon. Thus aided, the little springlets taking heart again, would clamber down, and spring quite bravely from green stone to green stone. And little Ilse was always ready to catch them, no matter how awkwardly they

plumped into her arms ; and, taking as they were bidden, and supported them by the hand, would say, by Ilse, would spring unhurt over huge rocks. In fact, they soon "come, now you shall flow along with me. Watch, and do as I do ; learnt to flow and leap so well, that leap when I leap. Don't be afraid, when they, too, had on their foam-caps, one could not tell them from I'll hold you and not let you fall." the graceful Ilse, herself.

(To be Continued.)

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A CHOIR OF BARDS.

Rolling in floods of hexameters glorious,  
 Swell the deep billows of Homer's great song—  
 Stately, high-crested, terrific, laborious,  
 Æschylus leads the tragedian throng—  
 'Midst even Attic perfection notorious,  
 Sophocles comes crown'd the Graces among—  
 Spruce and loquacious, by no means uxorious,  
 Euripides comes with wise saws on his tongue—  
 Bursting in lyrical measure uprorious,  
 Comes Aristophanes, laughing along—  
 Singing in strains like the gusts of great Boreas  
 To music attun'd, Pindar rideth on song.  
 Can the world find a choir so matchless and bright,  
 Except 'midst the bards of The Volume of Light ?

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LINES.

Sweet face ! that risest in the night,  
 The blessing of my dream,  
 More fair than life, and stilly bright  
 As moonlit forest stream,  
 Be with me yet ! I may not claim  
 The light of living eyes ;  
 But thou be near ! Sustain mine aim  
 And aid my hope to rise.

## SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

## NO. II.

From the death of Molmutius to the invasion of Julius Cæsar, a period of less than four hundred years, little is known concerning the Britons. The laws which governed them for the most part remained unchanged until the arrival of the Saxons; the Romans, while they were in the island, did not interfere to alter the social condition of any of the inhabitants; during all that time, the relations of master and slave were preserved without innovation; and it will be sufficient to say that the institution of domestic slavery subsisted among the Britons, with the qualifications and peculiarities we have described, from time immemorial until the arrival of the Saxons. It is not within our design to detail the incidents of the struggle which was for some time carried on by the natives against their ruthless conquerors. It is enough that they were finally overcome, and, with the exception of a remnant who fled to the mountain fastnesses of Wales, and there maintained their independence for centuries, were themselves for the most part reduced to a servitude no less severe than that of their own slaves. Their mournful fate is forcibly depicted by the master-hand of Spenser—

"Then woe, and woe, and everlasting  
     woe,  
 Be to that Briton babe that shall be  
     born  
 To live in thralldom of his father's foe;  
 The world's reproach; the cruell victor's  
     scorne;  
 Banisht from princely bower to wasteful  
     wood;

Oh! who shall help me to lament and  
     mourn  
 The royall seed,—the antique Trojan  
     blood—  
 Whose empire longer here than any  
     ever stood."\*

Among the new possessors of this island, slavery was always preserved. Themselves accustomed to the institution and finding a large number of the inhabitants already in bondage, they did not hesitate to enslave the conquered Britons, and they held them in slavery until they were, in their turn, enslaved by the Normans. The characteristics of the institution under the Saxon regime are better known than under their predecessors in the possession of the island. Their social regulations however, are not always clearly defined, and not a little discussion has arisen concerning some of these institutions. The antiquarian authors, however differing in regard to the question of the existence of feudal tenures among the Saxons, agree in admitting that slavery was maintained universally and without intermission throughout the whole of their domination.

The Saxon people were divided into two great classes—freemen and slaves. Among the slaves, who were by far the most numerous body, there was no material distinction, but the freemen were subdivided into nobles and commons, or, as they were called, Thanes and Ceorles. The nobles consisted of two sorts, the King's Thanes and the lower Thanes, the distinction seeming to consist mainly in the

\* *Faerie Queene* Book 3d, Canto 3d.

extent of their possessions. They held nearly all the lands of the Kingdom, their title being derived by charter from the King himself. The *Ceorles*, on the other hand, held their lands, which were called *Folcland*, at the will of the *Thanes*, and were, in fact, but a few-degrees removed from slavery. The nobles, whose lands were held by charter from the King, and were therefore called *Bocland*, divided their possessions into *Inland* and *Outland*. The former consisted of the lands immediately surrounding the residence of the lord which he retained under his own supervision, and which for the most part was cultivated by his slaves; the latter was intrusted, upon an agreement for rent in kind which was always verbal, to the cultivation of the *Ceorles*. As they were liable to be dispossessed at any time by their lords and were allowed for their labor little more than a sustenance, it is obvious their condition was little better than that of the slaves.\*

Nevertheless, though many have confounded these freemen who were not free-holders with the slaves, the distinction was, if not very marked, at least well preserved. Although they frequently became servants they were still carefully distinguished from the slaves. Their condition is thus described by Mr. Turner:

"In talking of the Anglo-Saxon freemen we must not let our minds expatiate on an ideal character we have invested with charms almost magical. No Utopian State is about to appear when we describe the Anglo-Saxon freeman. A freeman among our ancestors was not that dignified independent being 'lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,' which the poets fancy under this appellation; he was rather an 'Anglo-Saxon who was not a slave. He was freed from the oppression of arbitrary bond-

age; he was often a servant, but he had the liberty to quit the service of one lord and serve another. His state of freedom had great benefits and some inconveniences. A slave being the property of another, his master was responsible for his delinquencies; but a freeman, not having a lord to pay for him, was obliged to be under perpetual bail or sureties, who engaged to produce him whenever he should be accused, and being of more personal consideration in society his mulcts were proportionally greater."†

It is also said by Selden that they were allowed to vote and consequently, by representation to have a voice in the legislature. How far this right practically benefitted them it would be difficult to determine, but it probably constituted the chief difference between them and the slaves.

Slight as was the discrimination between such a state and the servile condition, it is not surprising that many freemen actually became slaves, sometimes involuntarily and sometimes even from choice. It was a common penalty for crime to make a slave of the offender.—Sabbath-breaking was so punished, and it was always allowable for any freeman voluntarily to surrender himself to bondage. The practical benefits of his higher rank were often of no appreciable value to the Saxon freeman, and it is not improbable that many of the *ceorles*, or *paganie*, as they were sometimes called, would of their own accord, prefer the secure, though humble condition of the slave to their own precarious and profitless dignity.

It is true, however, that the change was not ordinarily a tempting one. No amount of degradation and suffering could have added much to the horrors of Saxon slavery. The bondmen comprised by far the greater portion of the inhab-

\* Reeves' *History of the English Law*, Vol. I p. 6. Spelman on *Feuds and Tenures*, Chap. 5th and 6th. Dalrymple on *Feudal Property*.

† *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, by Sharon Turner, Vol. 3d, Chap. 9th.



itants of the island. Mr. Turner estimates the Anglo-Saxon population, at a period shortly before the Norman conquest, at something over two millions, and proceeds to say—"There can be no doubt that nearly three-fourths of this population were in a state of slavery." This class constituted the laborers of the State—the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They cultivated the soil, kept their market herds, and performed all the servile labor of whatever nature, which their owners required of them.—Their masters preserved and exercised over them almost absolute power. Selden speaks of them thus:

"The most inferior class of all were those who were anciently called Lazzi or slaves; these were the dregs of the people and wholly at the will of their lords, to do any service and undergo any punishment. And yet the magnanimity of the Saxons was such as they abhorred tyranny, and it was rarely used among them by beating, torture, imprisonment or other hard usage to compel them to serve; they would rather *kill them as enemies*. And this wrought reverence in these men toward their lords, and maintained a kind of generosity in their minds that they did many brave exploits and many times not only purchased their own freedom, but brought strength and honor to the Kingdom. And though the insolency of the Danes much quelled this Saxon nobleness, yet was it revived again by the Confessor's laws, which ordained that the lords should so demean themselves toward their men that they neither incur guilt toward God, nor offence against the King, or, which is all one, to treat them as God's people and the King's subjects."\*

This passage from Selden, while it does not disguise the abjectness of the Saxon servitude, furnishes an impressive exposition of the entire helplessness of the slave. That ferocity which chose to kill rather than to beat, might indeed work reverence in its defenceless object,

but it will probably be regarded as an indifferent proof of magnanimity, and must be considered as evincing far less humanity than the more ordinary discipline of the whip. Although it is certain the master possessed, to some extent, the right to take the life of his slave, it is but charitable to suppose, and indeed most probable, that it was but seldom exercised, and we are justified by other authorities in presuming that the somewhat equivocal eulogy of the master indulged in by Selden, is in point of fact untrue. The condition of the slave is perhaps more truly delineated in the following passage from Reeves' History of the English law †

"The next order of people, and a very numerous body they were, was that of the slaves or villeins; a lower kind of ceorles, who being part of the property of their lords were incapable of any themselves. These are the persons who are described by Sir William Temple as a sort of people who were in a condition of down-right servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, they, their children and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the stock on it. However, the power of the lords over their slaves was not absolute. If the owner beat out a slave's eye or tooth, the slave recovered his liberty; if he killed him he paid a fine to the King."

But that the owners were accustomed to beat their slaves is expressly asserted by Mr. Turner, "They were," says he, "allowed to be put into bonds and to be whipped. They might be branded, and on one occasion they are spoken of as if actually yoked." The character of the Anglo-Saxons, originally pirates and free-booters by profession, is known to have been eminently ferocious. They never spared a foe because he was disarmed, and it is not to be supposed that the dependent and defenceless con-

\* Discourse on the Government of England. London 1689. † Vol. 1. pp. 5. 6.

dition of their slaves would be likely to mitigate their cruelty. Rough and uncultivated, almost entirely unlettered, taught by their religion to aspire to a Heaven, where they should quaff from human skulls, copious draughts of blood, without any of the humanizing influences of civilization to meliorate their native savageness, they were probably as hard and rigid task-masters as ever lived on earth, and the estate of their slaves must have been worse than an Egyptian bondage. A few extracts from the meagre records which remain of the Anglo-Saxon laws, will suffice to show the estimation in which they were held. By a law of King Ethelbert it was provided, that if any one beat the slave of another he should be fined six shillings. If he put out his eye or lamed him, he was to pay his whole value to his owner; and the same, and it seemed no greater, punishment was inflicted by a subsequent law of King Wihtraedus for killing him. If a slave violated a fast day he was to be fined six shillings, or to be whipped, and the like punishment was affixed to the crime of sacrificing to devils. A thievish slave, it seems, was to be sold beyond sea. The consideration in which he was held by the law may be learned from one of the laws of King Alfred of which we give a translation: "If any one beat his male or female slave, and he or she does not die on the same day, but lives two or three days, the master shall not be prosecuted as in other cases, because the slave was his money. But if he die on the same day the blame shall remain with him"\*

Because a pecuniary fine was sometimes inflicted upon slaves, Mr. Turner infers that they were

allowed to accumulate some property of their own. It would seem, however, that Sir Henry Spelman construed these laws as applying to the predial slaves only. According to him there were, among the Saxons, two sorts of slaves, personal and predial. The former, he says, belonged, themselves and their families, absolutely to their master and were incapable of acquiring anything. They were attached to the persons of their lords, while the predial slaves belonged to the land on which they lived, the distinction being apparently much the same as between villeins regardant and villeins in gross under the Normans. These predial slaves were allowed to acquire personal property, which they held at the will of their lords. Noticing the alternative penalties of fines and whipping sometimes imposed by law on the offences of slaves, Spelman explains the apparent inconsistency by understanding the separate penalties to attach to the different kinds of slaves.† Mr. Turner does not seem to be aware of any such distinction, though some passages in his own work appear to corroborate it. We have, indeed, no direct authority on the point except Spelman, but the high credit of that author, together with the corroborating circumstance, that the distinction is certainly known to have been marked soon after the conquest, might justify the belief that the Saxon slaves were divided into two classes.

Certain it is, however, that they were not unfrequently sold separately from the land, and it seems exported from the island. From time immemorial, Britain furnished slaves to other countries, and it is difficult to determine exactly when they ceased to be an article of commerce.

\* *Leges Anglo Saxonicae, &c., &c.* By David Wilkins. London 1721.

† Spelman's Glossary, in verbo *Servus*.

William the Conqueror prohibited their extradition by law, and it seems that a similar law, at least in favor of christian slaves, had been previously enacted by Edward, the Confessor. Every reader is familiar with the famous anecdote related of Pope Gregory's meeting some young Angles who were exposed to sale in the slave-marts at Rome; and numerous authorities, historical and legal, might be cited to prove that Britain had, for centuries, exported slaves to the European continent, though, from the smallness of her territory and population, it must be presumed not in very great numbers. An authority quoted in the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*,\* relates that the inhabitants of "a sea-port town called Bristol" were cured by Wulfstan of a "most odious and inveterate custom," derived, it seems, from their ancestors, of buying slaves in England and exporting them to Ireland for the sake of gain; and if the account given of the method they adopted to enhance the value of their female slaves, be true, the hero of Steele's story of Inkle and Yarico should have been a native of Bristol. "You might have seen," says the authority quoted by Mr. Turner, "long lines of persons of both sexes and the greatest beauty tied together with ropes and daily exposed to sale; nor were these men ashamed, Oh! horrid wickedness! to give up their own children into slavery." It hardly seems probable that Ireland would have been a favorable market for slaves, and the credit of the authority given is not sufficiently established to justify a confident reliance upon it; but the very existence of such a statement is, itself, matter of curiosity, and we are induced, in passing, to give it for its value.

Among the Saxons, freemen might be enslaved for crime, and if very poor, as many doubtless were, he might give up his child, if he consented, to slavery for seven years. On the other hand, masters occasionally emancipated their slaves. The manumissions were most frequent in wills, and were generally prompted by the ordinary motives of benevolence and piety. The law prescribed the mode by which a valid emancipation might be effected, which it seems, was a sort of religious ceremony performed before the altar.

An important law was enacted by Wittena-gemote in the time of Alfred. It provided that thereafter when a christian slave should be sold he should be held in slavery only for six years, and on the seventh should, if he desire it, go free. Doubtless this law exercised a very meliorating influence upon the condition of the Saxon slaves. Its natural effect must have been to restrain their alienation, and thus to establish a more intimate family relation between them and their masters, while it would become an object with their owners to treat them kindly in order to retain them by their own consent at the expiration of their legal term of slavery. Yet with all the mitigating influences of law and religion, gradually increasing in strength with their increasing civilization, the condition of the Saxon slave was at all times sufficiently onerous. We close our remarks in relation to them with the following description of the hardships and privations to which they were subjected, written by a Saxon and a contemporary, which we extract from Mr. Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*,† a work to which we have already had occasion to refer.

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\* Vol 2d, p. 546. † Vol. 3d. p. 92. Note.

"In the dialogues composed by Elfric to instruct the Anglo-Saxon youth, in the Latin language—which are yet preserved in the Cotton Library—the ploughman gives this account of his duty:

'I labor much. I go out at day break urging the oxen to the field, and I yoke them to the plough. It is not yet so stark cold that I dare keep close at home, for fear of my lord, but the oxen being yoked and the share fastened on, I ought to plough every day one entire field or more. I have a boy to threaten the oxen with a goad, who is now hoarse through cold and bawling. I ought also to fill the bins of the oxen with hay, and water them.' He adds—'It is a great labor because I am not free.'

It is to be remembered that when the Saxons conquered the island of Britain a remnant of the Cambrians who at that time occupied it, fled to the mountains of Wales, and establishing themselves there, defied the power of their invaders. For a long time, even after the Saxons had in their turn, been invaded and enslaved by the Normans, these people, who are described by Lord Coke as "a wise and warlike nation," maintained their separate laws and government. Slavery was preserved among them as long as their individual existence, itself, was preserved. A slight allusion to their legislation concerning the institution may not be improper, before we proceed to treat of its modifications under the Normans. We have already stated that the laws of the Ancient Britons were first digested and promulgated by Dyfnwal and that his laws remained unchanged until the coming of the Saxons. About the year 926, Howel, surnamed the Good, being then the ruler of the Welsh, who were the descendants of the Britons, perceiving that the laws required revision and emendation, called a council of the wise men of the nation for that purpose, and subsequently promulgated, as the result of their joint deliberations, a new code, which according

to Mr. Probert, and as the preamble itself states, was but a re-publication with some additions and changes of the original laws. Dr. Wotton however, who published in 1730, an edition of the Welsh laws, seems not to credit this account. He denies the existence of Molmutius altogether, and his annotations assume that Howel was himself the true and original promulgator of the laws which bear his name. We have already had occasion to indicate the authorities upon which a belief in the authenticity of the Molmutine laws must be founded, and it is not our purpose to re-examine the question. It is proper however, to mention that while it is admitted in the preface to Dr. Wotton's edition that those laws were credited and defended by scholars "of the highest name for antiquarian research;" they are sweepingly condemned by him as spurious, upon no better evidence than an asserted difference between the styles of those passages in Howel's Code which allude to Dyfnwal, and which he repudiates as interpolated, and the authentic text. This is obviously an exceedingly unsatisfactory argument, and it is rendered still more unreliable by the statement of Mr. Probert, that the manuscripts consulted by the learned editor were not of the first authority. But whatever may be the truth in regard to that question—and we think we have already, even at the hazard of prolixity, presented the evidence sufficiently at length to enable each reader to decide for himself upon the probability of the matter, certainty being evidently impossible—it is not denied that that portion of Howel's laws which refers to slavery is beyond question genuine, and we propose, in passing, briefly to allude to it.

It appears from these laws that

a distinction between the classes of slaves in some respects similar to that we have already indicated, upon the authority of Spelman, as having probably existed among the Saxons, was certainly preserved among the Welsh. There were even with them, two species of slaves; the domestic slave, called the *Dofach*, who could not be compelled to labor in the mill, and whose peculiar privilege it was to serve only gentlemen; and the slave "absolutely so called" who is succinctly described as being "obliged to perform the vilest works," and whose condition seems to have been one of unmitigated wretchedness. The allusions to the slaves in those laws are not numerous, but they give to the masters unlimited absolute power over them, extending even to the unrestricted and irresponsible power of taking life. A few extracts will suffice to show that we do not exaggerate. The usual punishment of murder among them was the payment of a sum of money to the King; but a fine was to be exacted for the killing, by a freeman, of a slave belonging to another, though committed within the royal jurisdiction, "because," says the law, "the master has the same power over his slave as over his ox."\* In such a case, however, the value of the slave was to be paid to his owner, "In the same manner that the slaughter of animals ought to be compensated†." If the killing was by another slave the compensation was to be made by his owner, just as if it had been committed by himself. The abject and helpless condition of the slave however, is most fully displayed in the following law, in which the unlimited power of the master is briefly

summed up: "The lords of the slaves may, by law sell them or give them away, and if they are unjustly slain no fine is to be exacted for such murder."‡

Such were the characteristics and conditions of slavery on the island of Great Britain, previously to the Norman invasion, as ascertained and delineated as accurately as we have been enabled, from the records within our reach, to ascertain and delineate them. The evidence is not indeed abundant, in regard to the minor details of the history of the institution, but the great fact, that slaves were there from time immemorial—in great numbers and in a most abject condition, of the same color, speech and lineage as their masters—cannot once be doubted, even by the most incredulous. When William the Conqueror with his band of warlike adventurers landed in the island he found them there, and although he made numerous and radical changes in the laws and entire social polity of the nation, he seems never to have entertained the idea of abolishing the institution. The introduction of a more rigid system of tenures, and the more exactly defining the limits which separated the classes of society, doubtless considerably affected the character of the relation in many respects, as indeed, the legislative innovations of the Normans greatly changed the nature of every previously existent institution. It continued to subsist however, an active and essential element in the social organization for many centuries, and it only remains—in order to finish the task we have assigned ourselves—to indicate the principal changes in the institution under the Normans; to

\* Sec. 50. Chap. II. *dib. 3d. Howel's Laws.*

† *Leges Wallicæ, &c., By Dr. Wotton. London, 1730. p. 324.*

‡ Sec. 4. *Cap. VI. dib. 5th.*

ascertain, if possible, the influence exerted by the institution upon the advancement of the people; and to trace the gradual progress of emancipation from the beginning of William's reign, until its final triumph in the entire discontinuance of slavery, so silently and imperceptibly affected as hardly to have attracted the observation of any contemporary author.

(*To be Continued.*)

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SEPULCHRAL LAMPS.

I wondered greatly, when I read  
Of lamps that lighted but the dead:

How, in the Tuscan land, the toil  
Of labourers turning up the soil

Uncovered stately tombs, that held  
The bodies of the men of eld;

And found within each chamber damp  
An ever-burning, starry lamp,

That shone with undiminished ray  
While nations rose and passed away.

Not less, I thought, there shines a light  
Through sorrow's most unbroken night.

We do not give to endless gloom  
The dead we lay within the tomb;

The love that was, the past delight,  
Remain for us serenely bright.

And though we change with changing years,  
That beauty never disappears,

But gilds the gath'ring mists of time  
With radiance of the peaceful prime.



## MY FRIEND, MISS CRANBROOK.

I confess a liking for the society of literary people, and could have been quite happy among the blue ladies of Portman Square. How delightful to listen to the conversation of the erudite, Mrs. Carter, provided you understood it; the graceful Eliza, of the "Gentleman's Magazine," to whom Hayley dedicated his "Triumphs of Temper," in "her triple character of poet, philosopher and old maid." What wit, what wisdom must have graced the circle of the Blues, as they sat, amidst the feather hangings, in the splendid drawing room of Mrs. Montague. Think of sunning one's self beneath the rays of Fanny Burney, Mrs. Chapone, and Hannah More; and, above all, imagine yourself face to face with that "star of immense magnitude," the mighty Johnson, and hearing him call out, "Come forth, man; what have you to say against my life of Lord Lyttleton? Come forth, man, when I call you;" and then to see the trembling Pepys crawl out to receive his castigation. What pleasure to talk to delightful "Mrs. Vesey" through her ear-trumpet; and to shake hands with Lord Lyttleton, who wrote such a touching "Monody to Lucy," and then, Oh, shortness of man's grief, replaced her with an Elizabeth.

It is this liking for literary people, that has induced me to select as my friend Miss Cranbrook.

It is pleasant for me to mount up into the fourth story, where my friend engages in her literary labours, and spend an hour or two in agreeable converse. Thus engaged, the moments flee rapidly away, and I forget that I have a house to

keep; a husband to grumble if I am not home precisely at the dinner hour; three young olive branches to tend, and disobedient servants to scold. I remember not the huge pile of little socks and large stockings waiting to be darned; the buttonless garments wanting replenishing; the preserves unmade, the pickles untouched. When in Miss Cranbrook's sanctum, I feel as if I had reached a purer atmosphere; I grow less worldly, less earthly. There is something so unworldly about my friend, so natural, and so confiding. I asked her once "why she wrote?" a simple question, betraying my want of knowledge of the divine art. She answered me in these very natural lines of her own composing:

## WHY I WRITE.

The stars in robes of light,  
Bright children of the night,  
Look on earth with loving eyes,  
Through the windows of the skies,  
Because they cannot help it.

The flowers, sweet gift from God,  
Blooming bright on every sod,  
Scattering perfumes on the air,  
Diffusing gladness every where,  
Because they cannot help it.

Thus my heart would scatter wide,  
Drops from song's silver tide,  
Whose current, deep and free,  
Moves on in melody,  
Because it cannot help it.

Now this is why I write;  
Not to bring myself to sight—  
Not to court a fleeting fame—  
Not to gild an unknown name—  
But, because I cannot help it.

"But," I said, "Miss Cranbrook, is there not a prejudice to ladies fair, who wield the pen in preference to the needle?"

"I know of no such prejudice,"

replied Miss Cranbrook; "cannot a woman give utterance to her thoughts? must she sit in a silence that God does not require of her?"

"But think of it, Miss Cranbrook, while your pen is coursing over that paper, you are writing a very graceful, a very thoughtful story I know, you might have finished several yards of broderie anglaise, or worked a tiger in creuel work, or moulded wax flowers, or manufactured a pie for dinner. Do you not think, too, that instead of sitting here, surrounded by these dusty tomes, you should be out visiting? There is Miss Harris's recent wedding to be talked over; then, there is the fashionable Mrs. Fielding's sayings and doings to be reported; there is a good deal of talk about the Rev. Mr. Newark, which you must assist in spreading; indeed, my dear Miss Cranbrook, there is a circle of conversation which it is clearly your duty to enlarge by throwing in a pebble."

"Well," said Miss Cranbrook, "there is an inner circle, which I am also bound to enlarge, if I have the gift—a circle of thought."

"But, then, Miss Cranbrook, the world says you are a useless woman; you make dresses badly, pies infinitely worse, and your pickles are unendurable."

Miss Cranbrook looked grave for a moment, and then smiled so sweetly, that I felt bound to freely forgive her short-comings. "Well," she said, I confess that my dresses are not the very best fit; my pies I cannot recommend; and my pickles will not tempt an epicure. Now," continued Miss Cranbrook, "if all

the world's a stage,' we, the players, have each our particular part to act. You, a mother and a house-keeper, have especial duties, which you cannot, with propriety, neglect, I, as no house-keeper, and no mother, have another part assigned me—change characters, and we will also change duties."

Now, on my way home, I thought over the matter. I have concluded that my friend, Miss Cranbrook, is infinitely more harmless than Miss Green, who, because she has nothing else to do, gossips from house to house, and spreads the vile circle of slander and weaves webs of detraction around some unsuspecting victim. I *must* think her somewhat more useful than Miss Moore, whose existence passes away in an endless round of fancy work. Nay, I begin to think that she performs well and faithfully the part allotted her in the great drama of life; and, while I remember how earnest her pen has been in the cause of truth, how she strives to raise the admiration of her sex above the sex's littleness, and thus the better fit them for performing life's duties; how she has urged devotedness and single-heartedness in love, purity in life, charity in practice, faithfulness in duty, I feel that she ministers at a pure shrine, and is priestess of a pure worship.

Honor, then, to my friend, Miss Cranbrook; let the world call her a useless woman; and honor to all women who strive to raise their sex; who, whilst faithfully performing life's duties, can yet find time to send forth pure thoughts that elevate, cheer and encourage.

## A FLYING TRIP TO HAVANA.

We are not prepared to say that in this little sketch of a short visit to Cuba, which we were able to make during the month of January just passed, we shall present any new views, facts or descriptions; but, as it is pleasant to read of pleasant places, and as every visitor to foreign lands receives impressions somewhat different from those of others, it may chance that the readers of "Russell's" will be interested in what we have to relate, though Wurdeman, Ballou, Murry, Elliott, Gonzalez and others, have given us much concerning its history, commerce, agriculture and civilization. It is not our purpose to go over their path, but simply to write of things we saw, and present some reflections that have occurred to us, connected with our relations to that island. Just now Cuba is the one theme of discussion. We are talking about its purchase and annexation to Uncle Sam's domain, with as much flippancy as a parcel of school boys talk about a swap of marbles, or a trade for a kite. Almost every paper in the land, from the leading "Dailies," with their circulation of tens of thousands, down to the little "Weeklies," with a few hundred, discusses the question of the possession of Cuba, with regard only to the *mode* of obtaining it. Spain must consent to sell, or she must fight to protect her honour and her rights, when, of course, the prize will be taken from her. The public mind is kept in a state of intense excitement all the while, and if material is not at hand to nourish this morbid feeling, it is manufactured. One day the pa-

pers teem with glowing accounts of the beauty of this gem of the ocean—its genial climate—its salubrious atmosphere—its gorgeous scenery, and its splendid skies. Another day we are startled by the description of the agricultural resources of the island—of its fertile plains, its noble palms, and graceful cocoa trees; and our eyes wander over boundless fields of coffee and cane, while millions of acres of unimproved soil invite the immediate attention of the enterprising planter; anon comes the detail of a commerce that is almost incalculable, through which wealth is poured into this little island in streams of gold, and the cupidity of our citizens is excited by the clink of "doubloons." Then the theme is changed; we are told of risings and rebellions among the people, and of their desire to cut off the Spanish yoke, and the changes are rung upon the words "despotism" and "rights of the people," until we are filled with a pious horror of all monarchies, and especially of that represented in the person of Queen Isabel of Spain, and our bosoms burn to avenge the oppression under which the poor and wretched Cubans drag out a miserable existence. Then, to cap the climax, our "claims" on Spain are paraded before the world, and the sons of Uncle Sam, are taught that these claims of a few hundred thousand dollars, ought to be satisfied by an instant seizure of an island worth hundreds of millions, unless the owner will consent to *sell* it at a tithe of its value. To us there is another side of the picture, and it is possible in our pro-

gress through this trip, which we have not yet commenced, we may present some of the lights and shadows as they have appeared to us. Just now there is but one way to reach Havana from Charleston, and that so excellent that competition is not needed. The steamer *Isabel* is widely known. For more than ten years, through storm and calm, she has ploughed her way back and forth, to the satisfaction of her passengers, and, it is to be hoped, to the profit of her owners. How much of the success of this boat is owing to her experienced and able commander, we are not competent to say, but we are fully equal to the appreciation of kind attention, good viands in great profusion, and that general watchfulness that leads one to know that a master mind is governing the ship. We were a mixed company, as is quite usual in this boat, and after receiving the mail off Savannah, and two or three more passengers, a very curious rumor began to circulate through the ship. Have you seen him? Which is he? Point him out to me? How does he look? Is that the man with the long beard? No one seemed to know any thing certainly, and yet all were quite of the opinion that the celebrated Captain Townsend, late commander of the slave brig "*Echo*," was on board. Capt. Rollins was appealed to—"Did you receive Capt. Townsend on board from the Savannah mail boat?" But the captain was as much in the mist as his passengers, or pretended to be. One gentleman remarked that he had noticed the man; that he sat at the dinner table directly opposite our party, and that he was a round headed, short, good looking fellow, with a comical cut to his beard and moustache, and that, after dining, he stole away to his state room, as though

he was afraid of being seen. This seemed to indicate the right one, but on pointing out the individual afterwards, while on deck, he proved to be a very innocent and respectable merchant of Savannah, and so the mystery remained. As we neared Key West, we determined to keep watch, see who landed, and detect this terrible captain; and we did watch, but did not clear up the mystery. As the boat was made fast to the wharf, a number of the passengers stepped ashore; we among the rest, but we could not determine that one was under the surveillance of an officer more than another, and our mysterious passenger escaped recognition. However, the matter was cleared up on the return of the boat from Havana to Key West. Two gentlemen then came on board who had managed the transit of the prisoner. Desirous of escaping public recognition, they had entered him by a false name; and so, as plain John Brown, Esq., the dreadful captain had sat at our right hand at table, and had mingled with the passengers as any gentleman might. Running along with a smooth sea, in sight of Key West, with reefs stretching as far as the eye could reach, upon which ugly looking breakers were falling in foam and spray, our attention was suddenly arrested by the exclamation of a lady—"What monster is this floating by?" And, surely, to one who never saw a real live turtle, and whose idea of these creatures is formed from an inspection of our "cooters," the sight of the uncouth inhabitants of these waters, swimming lazily just beneath the surface, is cause of wonderment. There were a pair of them soon after seen, which were large enough to have furnished soup to an indefinite number of hungry aldermen. Having often

had a "taste of their quality," we looked at them with desiring eyes, while they with a shake of their ugly heads, seemed to say, "no you don't." Seventy hours after our departure from the wharf in Charleston, we were approaching the entrance to the Bay of Havana. It was early morning when we hastened upon deck to catch the first view of this renowned island. Far ahead, the light from the Morro Castle was plainly seen, serving to guide us to the narrow mouth of the harbour. The skies were brilliant with unusual splendour, while in the south, a few degrees above the horizon, the constellation never seen in our latitude, the Southern Cross was blazing in magnificent glory. For an hour we enjoyed this spectacle, and then the coming dawn began to dim its radiance until it paled away, and we saw it no more. No other morning was free from clouds while we were in Cuba, or if any were clear and bright, we were not up early enough to enjoy the spectacle. No vessel of any kind passes the Morro Castle between the hours of 7 P. M. and 7 A. M. The rules forbid it, and none are fool hardy enough to try the experiment. Frowning right over our head is a line of fortifications, mounted with an armament to sink a fleet, and the good ship Isabel, though bearing aloft the flags of the two governments, and the private signal of Uncle Sam, U. S. M., checks her onward course, for the "gun" has not been fired, and none of us desire a plunging shot from those formidable battlements. An hour passes away, not unpleasantly, for even the distant view of Havana and the Morro is full of interest; and then we slowly steam in just under the Castle tower, and quite within hail of a sentinel perched a couple of hundred feet above our heads, who shouts to us in a lingo that sounds from that height like the howl of a beast, to which our "captain," no doubt knowing by long experience what is meant, replies in a growl and roar that finds no simile any where. This ceremony over, we pass on into smooth water, by forts and ships, and men-of-war and strangely painted houses, and drop anchor in the middle of the Bay. Every thing around us is new and curious. The throng of boats about the ship, each one partly covered with canvass, like the top of a country wagon, with cushioned seats of gay colours; the unceasing jabber of the boatmen, the strife for positions near the ladder, all made up a scene of great interest. Opposite us to the west was the city, presenting, from our point of view, a quaint and ancient appearance; old towers, comical roofs, blue and green houses, a battery wall, with a row of beautiful trees just beyond it; a long line of small vessels, schooners and sloops, lying "bow on" to the wharf, which runs parallel with the streets, while over them larger vessels were discharging their cargoes; these and a thousand other peculiarities, were all significant of the fact that we were in a country not only foreign, but quite different in its customs from our own. The first visitors on board were Custom House officials, neatly dressed in clothing of striped cotton, similar to the cloth called "mariner stripes." These were followed by a crowd of "runners" from the hotels, each one prepared to tell you of the excellence of his own establishment, and how well he can accommodate you; all of which, if you are making your first visit to Havana, you of course believe. We wait patiently until the crowd has departed, and then having secured a nice boat, we sail after

the rest to the "Custom House." We ask for a "transit permit." The official looks at us, we look at him, he nods, we do the same, and he having concluded that "we, us & co.," that is our party, are not dangerous, hands over the documents, for which we pass to him the sum of one dollar each. This permit allows one to wander all about Havana and its environs, to go and come from ship to land, from the city to the country, until the vessel in which you arrived is ready to depart, when it is expected you will depart with her. How long one would remain unmolested with such a permit after the vessel has sailed, depends probably upon the manner in which he conducts himself. If he attended to his own affairs, and did not in any way excite the suspicion of the police, it is probable he might remain for months. Soon after our arrival, while passing down one of the principal streets towards the Plaza, we heard our name called in a stentorian voice, and by a stranger. On turning around we were politely saluted by a "son of the Emerald Isle," who claimed to "know us" from having been once in our employ for a little time. On asking him how he was situated and what he was doing, he handed out an old transit passport, dated many months before, which he said had answered his purpose, never having been called upon by the authorities in any way. Having reached the wharf and passed through the Custom House, we were fairly in Havana. The first question to determine was that of a boarding house. If any one supposes that in this city, containing some two hundred thousand inhabitants, there are to be found large and splendid hotels, like the Metropolitan, or Astor, or even like the "Charleston" and Mills House, he is egregiously mis-

taken. The only point of real resemblance is that they all take from your pocket a full compensation for what they give you. Board in Havana is three dollars per day, and you will get the best the market affords. If your table is not spread with the profusion and luxury of the St. Nicholas, you must remember that hotel keepers in Havana have not the facilities of those in New York, provisions of almost every kind being much dearer and in far less abundance. Flour, for instance, burdened with an enormous duty is worth about seventeen dollars per barrel, while in Charleston the same quality may be purchased for six dollars. Our party taking an omnibus, rode out on the Cerro road to "Wollcott's." This is a Cuban house, with an attempt at European or American principles, and, on the whole, is perhaps the best hotel in Havana. The chief objection to it is, that it is some four miles from the "Captain-General's" palace, or from "Dominica's" restaurant, which is the great place of lounging for natives, residents and strangers, and of which we shall have more to say by and by.

The road to "Wollcotts" leads out through the ancient wall of the city, by a massive gate way, at which is constantly stationed a picket of soldiers, ready to give an alarm, should "fillibusters" make their appearance. A neat bridge thrown over the moat once filled with water, now cultivated with fruits and vegetables, gives access to the public mall before the famed Tacon Theatre. Passing this building the Cerro road leads on towards the west, and the higher grounds in the vicinity of the city, passing by many strange, curious and beautiful locations, houses, palaces and shanties, mingled in admirable irregularity. A stranger's eye is at once attracted by the colour of the houses;



many of them bright blue and green, with cornice and corner boards painted white, giving a quaint appearance to streets and residences. The mode of constructing houses is also unique, generally one story in height, occasionally two, and rarely three; they appear to be built for safety, in case of earthquakes and tornadoes, and yet though that reason is given, almost universally, our impression is, that the mode of building is simply that which was first used by the early Spanish settlers, and finds its origin in Spain, at a period as remote as the time of the Moors. The disinclination to change, which marks the Spanish character, is apparent in every thing about Havana.—There are new ranges of houses in progress of erection in the suburbs of the city that remind one at once of the ruins of ancient buildings, especially those of Pompeii and Herculaneum. One storied, built of a soft cream coloured stone, that cuts almost as easily as “cheese,” with heavy porticoes, projecting to the pavement, and supported by large and not ungraceful, but coarsely cut columns, fluted and capped, in their unfinished condition, they resemble the exhumed remains of those old Italian cities. All along the streets, in the court yards and upon the walls of the houses, you discover the remains of the Moorish taste, in the use of encaustic tiles, or rather tiles resembling earthenware, coloured in figures of blue or red, and where these are too expensive, a fair imitation is made upon the plaster by theorem paintings, with lines to mark the squares that would be formed by the tiles: at a short distance the deception is perfect. We are a long time getting up to “Wollcott’s,” but if our readers are half as much interested as we were, they will be willing to ramble

along just as we did; for though we have read a great deal about Havana, no one has told us of the little things that catch the eye of the traveller, and in the aggregate form so large a part of the characteristics of the place. “Wollcott’s” house is a good specimen of the style and plan on which most of the dwellings are built. The building has rather an imposing front of one high story, with a portico extending across it, supported by large columns, affording by its depth a cool promenade, and a protection to the rooms behind it from the heat of the sun. From the portico you enter directly into a lofty hall of about sixty feet in length by thirty in depth. This is the general assembly room. It is, in fact, parlour, drawing room, sitting room and reading room, and occupies nearly the whole width of the house. Two corridors, or piazzas, on each side of an open court or garden, give entrances into ranges of chambers, divided from each other by light board partitions about three quarters of the height of the room, leaving from end to end, over a dozen chambers, a free circulation of air, *and sound too*. This is awkward, for a sneeze is heard right and left; and even whispers must be very soft to escape the notice of next door neighbours. Two doors from our room, a miserable consumptive was coughing and groaning out the last moments of his life, and it was anything but pleasant in the stillness of midnight, and in the wakefulness of new scenes and circumstances, to be compelled to listen to his moanings, without being able to give him relief or assistance. How many of these sufferers go out to Cuba in the last stages of this terrible disease, to endure the deprivation of family and friends, with all the discomforts of a

strange place, and then lay their bones there! Far, far better to stay at home amid the sympathies and care of beloved companions, and die, if die they must, among their kindred, than thus to seek a foreign clime and find a strangers grave. A quarter of a mile beyond "Wollcott's," is an old burial ground, within high, moss covered gray walls. Its entrance is through a lofty arch, closed by an iron open work gate; directly opposite to which, in the ground itself, is a small chapel. The whole place has a haunted, ghostly look, which is rather increased by a remarkable echo that follows the voice, when words are spoken a few feet in front of the arch way. An anecdote of this locality runs in this wise: Two Americans, on a visit to the city, had wandered into the outskirts, and on their return, just as the shades of evening were falling, turned aside to see this old burial place, and to try its echoes. After examining the grim old walls, and peering through the gate-way into the gloom, to see the mounds and stones over the dead, which in the night shadows were only just visible, they withdrew a little distance, when one of them cried out with stentorian lungs, quite irreverently, "How are ye old fellow?" Instantly, in a deep sepulchral voice, the reply came, "very uncomfortable, I thank you." The two friends waited for no other "echo," but were immediately missing, and it was said were seen soon after about the wharf, inquiring for the first steamer for the United States. To our questions no such answer came, but the clear repeat in a loud tone of our *own* words. The first morning after our arrival, while sitting under the portico, we had an opportunity of witnessing the delivery of "milk" for family use. We do not say that this precise

mode is customary all over Havana, but we write what we saw. Just opposite the hotel "Wollcott" was a small open lot; into this a number of cows and calves had been driven by two or three dirty looking men. Soon we perceived servants approaching, with pitchers and cups in hand, and the men milkers filling them directly from the cow, gave certainly the *pure* article in the simplest form. Sometimes milking into a china or tin cup was going on, on one side, while the calf was taking his breakfast from the other. Several came too late, but the obliging milk man would go from cow to cow, driving away the calves and trying each udder, to supply, if possible, his customer; a few drops from each would serve the purpose. At this early hour of the day, long lines of mules, or rather long lines of great piles of corn blades, with four feet moving under them, are constantly seen coming in from the country to supply fodder for city beasts. One mule follows another, each one with his nose tied up, so that he may not steal from his own load, or from his leader's. At about ten o'clock our breakfast having been just served and heartily disposed of, we proceed by omnibus to the city. These are a novelty, and like some other new introductions, met at first with great opposition. They are pretty well managed and very well patronized. The difficulty of driving through the streets, avoiding the volantes and pedestrians, seemed to our unaccustomed eyes absolutely insuperable. The best streets are only about fifteen feet wide from curb to curb, while we measured a great many that were only ten and twelve feet wide. Many of the streets have the "Russ" pavement, solid square blocks of granite, and are kept in admirable order. The foot pavement, or side

walks, are from twelve to eighteen inches wide, and, of course, no one can pass another without stepping into the street. Omnibuses go out on a route by one street and return by another. This is advantageous both for comfort and safety. The streets cross at right angles, and where they are so narrow, it seems impossible to avoid collisions. These we know do sometimes occur, notwithstanding the care of the police and the laws to prevent fast driving. On one occasion, riding down towards the Plaza in an omnibus, our driver came into violent collision with a volante coming from a cross street. Our horses struck against the body of the vehicle, just in front of the occupant. There was a crash of breaking wood and a glimpse of somebody thrown out of the volante, while a quiet smile came over the faces of our passengers, most of whom were Cubans. This smile suddenly vanished, when, from the opposite side of the volante, the late occupant made his appearance in silk robe, black scull cap and an immense hat, about three feet long in his hand. It was a funny thing to upset an empty volante, but it was quite another thing to upset an old and dignified priest. Our driver finding himself in a disagreeable position, whipped his horses and drove them rapidly towards his stopping place, not waiting even to apologize, and evidently unwilling to encounter his reverence, who, on foot, pursued us in the middle of the street, holding his strange looking beaver in his hand, and presenting a very undignified appearance. Not knowing the penalty for upsetting a dignitary of the church, in a country where that church is supported by law, or how far passengers in an omnibus were compromised by such an act, we felt quite disposed to leave it as soon as it came to the

stopping place, and crossing to the opposite side walk, took our stand along side of an old maumer who sold oranges. Buying some of her fruit and occupying the stool by her side, placed for her customers, we watched the proceedings of the venerable father and the unfortunate omnibus driver, who had plunged into a throng of his fellows in the vain hope to escape. He was hunted out directly, and there begun a scene rich to a spectator, but quite afflicting to the culprit, the sequel of which could only be ascertained by going to the police court. On the whole there was less excitement about the accident than there would have been in Charleston if an omnibus had dashed with the same violence against the vehicle of a church dignitary there. In fact the people of Havana seem to be very impassive to ordinary accidents and occurrences, an example of which of another character occurred under our eye. The driver of a volante, in which was a lady and a beautiful little señorita of some eight years, suddenly stopped his horses before a store at the signal of a gentleman who desired to speak to the lady. The sudden shock threw the little girl with great violence out of the volante upon the pavement, head foremost, where she lay stunned and motionless. No one of the dozen persons around, moved to her assistance, not even the gentleman who was the cause of the accident, until one of our party, having raised her up, ran into a drug store to procure a restorative. How he succeeded, not knowing more than a dozen words of Spanish, is not easily explained. On his return, his attentions were received without the slightest acknowledgment, and our friend still is quite uncertain whether he did a good deed, or committed a "gaucherie."

These volantes are a curiosity to a stranger, but a most luxurious vehicle when lazy or tired. Something in the form of the French chaise, with shafts about fourteen feet long, leaving several feet from the tail of the horse to the dash-board; they look as uncouth and awkward as possible. To this add a driver gaily decked in colours, with enormous boots and spurs, a harness all glittering in silver, and you have an equipage as gay and fanciful as any belle may desire. The horses and mules are not to be passed over. When driven in the streets their tails are braided and tucked away on one side, very much to their annoyance, especially in fly time. Sorrel horses appear to be rare, and an elegant turn out of carriage and pair in American style is seldom seen. Volantes form a part of the furniture of an establishment; the entrance into most of the dwellings being really through the carriage house. A larger gate or door opens into the central court, and near this entrance, in what may be called the basement story, if the house has more than one—stand the volantes, always shining and clean, ready for instant use. These central courts are a great feature in Cuban architecture, and they are certainly very useful and comfortable. Sometimes filled with flowers, or a fountain, or having in its centre a large aviary with rare and beautiful birds—they furnish not only a delightful lounging place, but aid in the ventilation of the whole house, by producing through it a free circulation of air. This is one of the attractions of "Dominica," for the middle of his restaurant is open to the heavens, and a beautiful fountain continually throws up jets of water, while the visitors are refreshing themselves with the comforts and luxuries of the place. Every body

has heard of "Dominica's" preserves, jellies, and confectionary, but few have ever looked in upon the manufactory, though every stranger visits the restaurant. On one side of the street there is boiling and stewing of fruit and sugar, in bright copper boilers glittering like gold, while over them, stirring and *smoking cigars*, are half dressed negroes and natives, while others are busy filling moulds, sugaring almonds, packing up boxes and marking them for all parts of the world. On the other side of the street is the retail store, where is sold every sort of delicacy that can be thought of, while just beyond and opening into it by arches is the restaurant. Here the élite of Havana assemble; the gentlemen to talk, sip their refreshing beverage, and the ladies, in their volantes, at the doors, to take an ice, cake, or fruit. Although there seems to be an incessant custom at the drinking saloons, yet in our stay in the city we did not see one intoxicated person, white or black. Smoking is universal. Every one smokes, unless it be a few of the female sex, and many of them are addicted to the habit. Servants, men and women, little children, girls and boys, all smoke; and it is said, that for this reason, the teeth of so many of them become defective and decay at an early period. The palace of the Captain-General, fronting the "Plaza de Armas," is an antiquated affair, and presents few points of interest in its architecture. The main door-way redeems the front from absolute meanness. This is a beautiful piece of work in sculptured white marble, representing military emblems, the Spanish Coat of Arms and other objects of similar character. Directly to the east of this building, and in the centre of the Plaza, stands a fine, well executed and effective statue of Chris-

topher Columbus, clothed in the garb of his own time, bare-headed, and with an aspect of great dignity. There are some other statues about Havana. One of Queen Isabel, near the Tacon Theatre, has considerable merit—but on the whole, we found but little evidence of attention to the fine arts, either in statuary or painting. The religious pictures in the churches are numerous, but of moderate merit. An Assumption of the Virgin, in one of the chapels of the church of Christopher Columbus, attracted considerable attention, and before it, kneeled on the Sabbath, a large number of devout worshippers. This church, or cathedral has peculiar interest to a stranger from the United States. Here in a vault near the altar, after many removals, rest the bones of Columbus. A small tablet, or mural monument marks the spot, towards which our eyes were directed by a gentleman who knew the place. The interior of this building is decorated and finished with considerable taste and splendour, though, it must be confessed, stucco work and plaster are poor substitutes for marble and stone. The free use of mahogany, not in the way we use this valuable wood—in thin veneers—but in massive beams and rafters, gives not only an appearance of strength, but of richness to many of the interiors of the Havana churches, which otherwise would look tawdry and finical. Hearing the sound of an orchestra, we entered the side door of an old, gloomy looking building which we supposed to be some kind of a jail, wondering what use they had for music, but were astonished to find that we were in a church again, and that a service was in progress. Stuck up in one corner was the band of musicians, about a dozen little negro boys, who were playing

away for dear life on violins, fifes, flutes and violoncellos. Dotted round on the floor, upon their knees, were old negro men, some few ancient white females, and little girls, while a solemn looking priest was performing his duty at an altar, apparently quite unconscious of the presence of any one. This church filled with images and pictures, decorated with tinsel and gilding, with its negro minstrels, seemed to our protestant notions, about as unsuitable a place in which to cultivate or enjoy the spiritual nature of our religion as is possible to imagine. Yet the worshippers before these gew-gaw figures seemed to be devout. How much was form, and how much true sentiment, God only knows. In another part of the city we found a new church, consecrated to the "Immaculate Mary." It was not open, but at a side door we saw several volantes, and ladies passing in and out to what we presume was confession. Our poor Spanish seemed to intimate to a fat, good-natured looking man in the ante-room, our desire to see the interior of the building. With great politeness, he conducted us by a private door, into what proved to be a very beautiful place, evidently fitted up, and used by people of the first rank in society. Every ornament was rich, costly, and in keeping. An elegant statue of the Virgin, in marble, had a tiara of diamonds upon her brow, the princely gift of some devout and wealthy worshipper. On one side of the church, an intelligent and dignified looking priest was sitting, with his ear to a grating in the wall, listening doubtless to the confessions of one of the señoras, we had just seen entering the building. He glanced politely towards us, and continued to listen and no doubt absolve, for his hand and head seemed to act together as he

made the sign of the cross, from time to time; our conductor meanwhile had fallen upon his knees, with his face towards the high altar and crucifix, and had, we hoped, made confessions for himself. After a brief stay we turned to depart, and were conducted out by the same private door by which we entered, and with the greatest civility. One of our party thought a gratuity in the shape of an "eighth" would be proper, but we were quite undecided on the subject, and we came away leaving the question unsettled, but retaining the coin in our pocket. On the whole our rambles among the churches of Havana, was very satisfactory, as here we could see Roman Catholicism displayed in all its purity—with no taint from the outside pressure of Protestantism.

The exterior architecture of some of the old buildings about the city is extremely interesting. On the south side of the Plaza San Francisco, there stands one of this kind. It was once a church, but it is now used as a storehouse for merchandise. Its old, grey, time worn walls, its empty tower arches, where once hung sweet chiming bells, its curious roof and battlements, all tell a tale of "auld lang syne." Mutilated figures in stone, high up under the cornice, broken and defaced carvings and inscriptions, ruined windows built up rudely with brick, all whisper of days long past and of glory gone forever. There are old churches yet used, where the bells of different sizes—three to seven in number, exposed to the weather—have become green and corroded, many of them have lost their original silver sound, and now give out cracked, discordant notes.

Of the military defences of Havana we have only a word or two to say. The narrow entrance to the harbour, the immense line of fortifica-

tions from the Morro Castle southward and eastward, elevated about one hundred and fifty feet above the Punta water fort on the west, with water batteries lining the passage into the bay, render this part of the city nearly, or quite impregnable. An old stone wall, formerly the western line of the city, still exists, and a few weeks labour, would put it—the moat and all the out-works—in as good condition as they *ever were*. But they would not stand a *modern* cannonading five hours. They are therefore of little, or no consequence. Within two or three miles of the city, to the west and south, are forts of different strength and armament. Some of them well situated, and if properly manned, might make a formidable resistance. But it must be admitted, that the land defences of Havana, are not at all in proportion to those upon the sea side, and if the city is ever to be taken by an enemy, it will be probably by simultaneous land attacks, from the east and west. South of the fortifications, and on the east of the bay, is the settlement called Reglas. Here is an immense warehouse for the reception and storeage of produce, and here were filled high up, tier upon tier, flour, sugar and coffee. The arrangement for business at these warehouses is admirable. Vessels lie close along the wharf built parallel with the bay. The roofs of the warehouses extend almost to the water, and in them are long lines of railways with trucks, so constructed as to receive articles of cargo directly upon them, when with little effort they are rolled into place. Taking a rail road car at Reglas we went over so much of the "Bay of Havana and Matanzas Rail Road" as is finished, stopping at the ancient town of Guanabacoa. The snort of the engine,



as we took our place in the car, carried us back at once to our homes; it seemed quite unearthly however, amid the cocoa and palm trees of Cuba. The old village at which we stopped, has about 6,000 inhabitants, and an antiquity of appearance that is quite marvellous. It seems impossible that a place so near Havana could look so old. No new houses—nothing modern, except the rail road depot, and that looked like a missionary of civilization, as no doubt it will be. A ramble in the suburbs of this old town led us to the high hills that overlook the country. From the highest of these, we had a magnificent view of the city of Havana—the bay and the neighbourhood, for a distance of twenty miles. Nothing could be more beautiful, and nothing that we saw has left more vivid impressions on our mind, than that charming scene. From this elevation, with so much in view, our imagination ran riot over the island—its six hundred miles of length—its one hundred and fifty of breadth—its noble mountains, fertile valleys and rich plantations; its cities, villages, bays and harbours; its tropical products, no longer luxuries, but positive necessities to millions of human beings; its enormous commerce, and incalculable wealth, its geographical position, and connection through Spain with the political relations of Europe; its population, foreign to us, in customs and language, its religion interwoven into its whole social and State polity, and in sympathy with some of the strongest governments of the world. All this and more comes up, when we would look the question of the purchase of Cuba fairly in the face. A discussion of these varied points is not our present purpose, but there are some reflections that follow naturally from the hasty glance we have taken at this interesting island. Under the

present prosperous condition of agriculture and commerce, and with strong attachments to old associations and religion, how many of the inhabitants of Cuba really desire a dissolution of their colonial condition? The inhabitants of Cuba consist first of natives of old Spain. These hold the offices of honor and profit under the Queen. The military and church officials are mostly of this class and so are those of the army and navy. None of these desire any change at all. The next class of inhabitants in social position and consideration, consists of planters, merchants, lawyers, and gentlemen of wealth and leisure, including the Creole nobility and men of rank. Do these desire a change? We are told in American papers, and by Cuban letter writers, that great dissatisfaction exists among this class, and that they are only waiting a fair opportunity to throw of the Spanish yoke. Is this so? That these men desire such a modification of their condition as would give them a fair share of the honours and offices in church and state is undeniable and exceedingly natural, but beyond this how would their circumstances be improved by the annexation? Those holding titles of which they are proud, would suddenly become plain Republicans. Their religion, which, with every man, is a cherished sentiment, now protected by government against the mighty inroad of Protestantism, becomes defenceless, or thrown back upon its own strength. Taxes, which on agriculture, at least, are light, will certainly not be lessened, nor will the facilities for obtaining riches be of much advantage to this class, for they are now rolling in wealth. With so little to gain, and so much to lose, is it possible that sensible men really desire a connection, that will break down old habits and customs, that will des-



stroy the prestige of name and religion, and introduce the untamed and mad influence and power of Young America! The next and third class in this Island is composed of all sorts of people. Creoles, Spaniards, mulattoes, boatmen, labourers, cigar makers—the great mass uneducated, and, to some extent, vicious. Can such a population inaugurate, or carry on to success, a revolution? Or can it be the exponent of true views of political relationship? We believe that this class, under our government, would become unmanageable. They require a strong physical force—the bayonet—to keep them in order. We have no sympathy with that mawkish philanthropy which would dispense with *power* in the government of men. When the world is actually lifted up into the full blaze of education and civilization, it may possibly be governed by moral influence; but, at present, while aiding to enlighten and educate, the *strong hand* must hold and control. Take not, then, the restless, unreliable mass of Cuban population as the basis upon which to predicate conclusions.

These people have induced movements already which have resulted in disaster and death to those who relied upon their promises, and expected their support.

Two classes yet remain to be noticed—the negro and the coolie. We give the negro the precedence; for, of all the wretched inhabitants dwelling in Christian lands, we think the latter the most miserable. Neither of them, however, hold a position by which *they* can affect the question, though their labour enters so largely into the considerations of the relation the Island bears to the United States. We shall not discuss at all the views of England and France in this matter, nor attempt to calculate the actual value of the *hold* Spain has upon Cuba, but we cannot but sympathize with the feelings expressed by that government, when the petty sum of thirty millions was set forth as the price at which she was expected to *sell* the brightest jewel of her diadem—the mine from which she draws her wealth, and through which she has consideration among the governments of Europe.

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#### SHE IS NEAR.

Something tells me she is near;  
 Loud my heart is beating,  
 Beating so I cannot hear!  
 Yet, I know she must be near,  
 'Tis the hour of meeting.

What should tell me? When the dawn  
 All the sky is flushing,  
 Earth awakes. My night withdrawn,  
 Comes again my love, my dawn,  
 Near me, softly blushing.

## MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

In a secluded valley there lived, many years ago, a pious old hermit, who had retired into this solitude after a bitter experience of life, its trials, and its losses, to pass his few remaining days in the undisturbed exercise of devotion. But his wisdom and piety caused him to be sought even in this retreat by the unhappy and the discontented, and no restless, sorrowing mortal ever left him without advice and comfort. He was therefore, loved and revered as a saint by the whole country round. Although he had renounced the world, yet a craving for human affection still lingered in his gentle, loving heart, and he often said: "I have still, in my solitude, two daughters—one that speaks, and one that is dumb!"—The former was Mary, the little daughter of a prosperous vine dresser who lived in the neighbourhood, who hung round the old man with tender caresses, and who constantly came alone, running along the solitary foot-path through the gloomy forest, to visit her venerable old friend, and, in childish simplicity, to play about him. The dumb child was a fine, tall oak, which stood close by his hut, shading it with its branches. While the hermit, delighting in the sweet prattle of the child, taught her many useful things, making her familiar with the beauties of nature, and sowing the seeds of goodness in her heart, he did not forget his tree, but nourished it with fatherly care, carrying water in the dry summer time to refresh its thirsty roots, and feeding the little birds that made their nests in its wide branches. He had already, many a time, by his earn-

est entreaties, saved the beautiful tree from the greedy axe of the woodman. "Remain ever green, my tall, strong daughter," said the old man, lovingly embracing the oak. "I well understand the rustling of thy branches, and will guard thee that thou mayst shade my grave."

After a long and severe winter, during which the mountains were covered with snow, there came a sudden thaw; the streams, violently swollen, overflowed the valleys, causing vast destruction.

"Alas! our poor, kind hermit," exclaimed Mary's father, one morning, "we shall never see him again; from my vineyard I saw the flood break over his valley, and rush through the forest. The trees, even to their topmost branches, stand under water." Mary wept, and implored her father to go at once, and try and save the old man; but it was even then too late, as the flood must long since have overflowed his roof. Yet the hermit was saved! but not by the hand of mortal man. No! His strong, dumb daughter held him safe in her arms, out of the reach of the waves. At the first rising of the waters he had taken refuge on the roof of his hut, but, as they reached him even there, he climbed with good courage into the branches of his oak, which, although shaken by the violence of the flood, yet withstood it, while many of the neighbouring trees were entirely uprooted.

Three days passed before the storm was stayed; these three days the old man hung in the branches, his only nourishment some dry bread that he had hastily put into

his pocket. The fourth morning, powerless and entirely exhausted, he slipped down from the tree, and sank upon the damp ground, expecting death; but, instead of death, a healing angel came to his aid. Little Mary, who had no peace nor rest at home, hastened through the wet, muddy forest, to look for her dear old friend; and still cherishing fond hopes, in spite of her father's prognostics, had provided herself with a small basket of refreshments. She now threw herself down by the old man, who yet breathed, and clasping him in her little arms, saved him from the embraces of the destroying angel.

The hermit thanked God in fervent prayer, for having saved his life, and invoked, with inspired and half-prophetic soul, a holy blessing upon his two children, who had been raised up by the Almighty as the instruments of his deliverance, and implored heaven, as a reward for their fidelity, to distinguish them from the other creations of earth. Strengthened and refreshed, he allowed himself to be led by Mary to her dwelling, where he remained until his solitary hut was again habitable. Long ere Mary, in blooming innocence and beauty, had become a happy wife and mother, the hermit was quietly resting in his grave; his hut was in ruins; the magnificent oak had fallen under the strokes of the woodman—had been converted into huge wine casks, and sold to Mary's father. Where, then, is the fulfillment of the blessing to the children? You ask, if the wood of the cherished tree is to moulder in damp, gloomy cellars? Hear the end. One of the casks was empty, and, as the vintage was at hand, it had been rolled into an arbour at the back of the house, till new hoops were made for it. Mary, now the mother of two boys, was

seated in this very arbour, enjoying the fresh beauty of the morning, just rising over the hills. Caressing tenderly the darling at her breast, while the elder boy played at her feet, she looked down on the valley where the hermit once dwelt, and wondered whether the blessing he had promised her should be fulfilled through her children. Just at this moment, a youth wandered by, lost in quiet dreams. It was Raphael Sanzio, the greatest painter of all times. Before his soul had long been floating a picture of the Mother of God, and of the child, Jesus; but till now had he vainly sought models worthy of the subject, and he had now undertaken a solitary journey amid new scenes to refresh his weary spirit. Mary greeted him with friendly words. He looked towards her, and as his eye fell on the mother and her children, it seemed to him that he had at last found what he had so long desired in vain. Here was the mother from whose heavenly eyes streamed the purest, holiest love; here rested upon her breast the angelic child, who, with his large soft eyes full of love and foreboding, looked forth upon the world; here, also, approached the elder boy, bringing joyfully a stick to which he had fastened a little cross. The artist desired most ardently to catch this living, heavenly picture, and, upon the spot, make it his own; but he had nothing with him but his pencil. Now shone the great, smooth cover of the well known cask in the first rays of the morning sun, and Raphael delayed not a moment, but stepped boldly towards it, and as soon as he had drawn upon it the pious Mary and her children, took out the piece and carried it home, and knew no rest until he had put the finishing touches to his godlike picture of the Holy Mother, with the child, Jesus, and the little

John, who is bringing a cross, as though even in play, he would confide it to the Infant Christ.

Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino died 1520, now more than three hundred years ago, yet his picture is not forgotten, but is transmitted as a relic from one generation to another. Do you see, dear reader, that the blessing of the holy man has been fulfilled? Art has here his two dear children reunited; as the wood of the consecrated tree has now for centuries held up the lovely

features of Mary and her children to the veneration of Christendom, and through the charm of this picture her pure and pious heart is appreciated and revered, although the earthly form has long since turned into dust.

Perhaps some of you have been fortunate enough to have visited the land which possesses this beautiful picture, and to have seen it there under the name by which it has become famous, of "Madonna della Sedia."

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SONNET.

Oh! fair and beauteous visions! Once again,  
 In the grey twilight of this wintry day,  
 While the wind wails, and wailing dies away,  
 Come back! to win me from the present pain;  
 To draw mine eyes from shadows poor and vain,  
 And glad them with the unforgotten May  
 Of earlier years, when thought was free to stray,  
 Unfettered by false meanings; when the main,  
 The meadow and the forest's solemn shade,  
 The murmuring brook, the bright rejoicing flow'rs,  
 Were all to me, and told of One who made  
 This earth for beauty, and a symbol true  
 Of Good supreme. Those full, harmonious hours,  
 That blooming spring of life, once more renew.

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Great Cæsar ruled and died.  
 He was a man, and so  
 Right well I know  
 I'm half as great as he,  
 For all his pride.

## ELISABETTA SIRANI.

On the two hundred and forty-third page of the second volume of Madame Le Vert's Travels, may be found the following statement:

"In an old church (at Bologna) we saw Guido's tomb. Within it was buried, also, his favourite pupil, Elisabetta Sarani, a very wonderful woman. She was a painter of rare excellence, (as her Magdalene attests) a sculptor of admirable talent, and a poetess. To all these gifts she added most seducing beauty, and yet she died at *twenty-six*. What, think you, caused her death? Why, disappointed love! An Italian writer, speaking of her, says: 'She succeeded perfectly in everything she attempted, save in winning the heart of the man she adored.' After Pope Clement crowned Charles V. at Bologna, he tarried some days there, saw Elisabetta, and looked upon her remarkable works, and appreciating her genius, offered to take her to Rome. But she refused, and was found dead on the pavement of the church where she often went to pray. It was surmised that she ended her days by poison. Was it not supremely ridiculous thus to cast away her beautiful existence for an ungrateful man, one who had deserted her for another—far her inferior? If Byron had told her story, he would have made her live for *revenge*, which he declares so sweet, especially to women."

The reputation of a woman should be safe in the hands of a woman, and yet we can hardly find in literature so short a statement so full of errors and implied calumnies. Madame Le Vert must have been misled by the patois of her guide;

or she must have consulted some very unreliable and musty old chronicle. In the first place, the name of the young painter is wrongly spelt. In the second, she was never a pupil of Guido—being only four years old when the great painter died. She was never a sculptor or a poetess, but her engravings are remarkable, and she modelled well. So far from being disappointed in love, she was betrothed at the time of her death. So far from dying on the pavement of a church, she died quietly in bed, after suffering for twenty-four hours; and, as some authors have it, with her lover, and the jealous woman, standing at her side. So far from poisoning herself, it is not even certain that she was poisoned at all; although the suddenness of her death aroused suspicions. And if the facts charged are untrue, surely, the closing sentiments are hardly womanly! Existence deprived of love could not be beautiful to the woman and artist; and the fact that her rival was her inferior, would hardly console her for the loss of her lover.

As Elisabetta Sirani was a rare and lovely creature, perhaps a short sketch of her life, drawn from authentic sources, may not be unacceptable to southern readers:

*Elisabetta Sirani.*—You have heard of the charming Elisabetta Sirani, born at Bologna in 1638. Her father refused to educate her because she was not a son. Yet with a *purpose born* of her organization, and which no illiberal lecturer could sneer down, she worked privately, till a friend wiser than her father interceded with him for her. At the age of eighteen she

engraved extremely well, modelled in plaster, and executed pictures which still hold a high place in art. In private she played and sang with charming taste, and showed a rare good sense in practical affairs.

Her father became an invalid. She took his place in the studio, and delighted his friends with better pictures than they had ever had before. Her mother became a paralytic. Elisabetta supported both parents by her labour—became a mother to her younger sisters—faithful also to all the details of household duty. A committee from the church of the Cortesa having called upon her one day, to consult with her in regard to filling an oddly shaped panel in their church, she gave them a proof of her power as an improvisatrice in art, which has no equal in the history of painting. In less than twenty minutes she sketched, before their astonished eyes, the outlines of her "Baptism of Jesus," a picture with which she afterwards filled the pannel, and which good judges have classed among the seven finest paintings in the world. Her father had been the favourite pupil of Guido, but, when she died, the victim, it was thought, of one who was more jealous of her personal charms than her divine genius, Guido's tomb was opened for her, and a sorrowing city followed her to it. Tradition tells not how her father died, and his memory is chiefly preserved

by the gentle heroism of the child whose sex he had insulted. Did not her artist purpose, hallowed by a proud filial duty, achieve a noble immortality? Had a son inherited it, could it have accomplished more?

The above was used with several other sketches, a year or two ago, in one of the northern cities, by one of the popular lecturers of the day, to show the propriety of woman devoting herself with austere lenity of purpose to some avocation in life, a propriety disputed by some writers of power, and, consequently, of *influence*, like Charles Kingsley. Her engravings were especially prized, and her pictures were distinguished by grace, delicacy and strength. Her two sisters, Annie and Barbe, painted also; and she had a large class of pupils. She was engaged to be married, and was poisoned by a disappointed rival. The physicians, however, disagreed in their report upon the autopsy, and the whole affair ended in the banishment of a servant woman who had given her some drink.

So far from dying on the church pavement, as Madame Le Vert says, she was ill for several months, and expired in bed, her supposed murderer and rival looking on beside her agonized lover, on her twenty-seventh birthday. I believe there is an Italian novel founded on her life, but I have never seen it. In the "Biographie Universelle" there is a good account of her pictures.

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Where is the winter's snow?  
Vanished and gone.  
Where is my bitter woe?  
Over and done.

## THE "HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY," AGAIN.

This letter, sent by Mr. Dana to a literary gentleman of this State, has been handed to the Editors of this Magazine by that gentleman, who rightly supposed that they would give Mr. Dana an opportunity of making his defence through their pages. The Editors have also allowed the answer of their contributor to follow in its place.

## A WORD IN REPLY.

To the Editors :

GENTLEMEN:—I crave of your generosity the privilege of a word in reply to a peculiar attack on me and my "Household Book of Poetry," which I have just seen in "Russell's Magazine" for January.

I make no complaint of what is merely personal in this article. If the writer thought it useful to his cause to state that I am "one of the countless hangers-on to the skirts of literature—one of those who make literature a trade;" who "are the reproach of literature;" and "bear the same relation to learning that hypocrites do to religion," I have only to say that if all this is not true, the imputation can do me no injury; and that if it is true, the writer has bestowed altogether too much consideration on me and my labours.

I may also be allowed to suggest that he is not consistent with himself. He says, first, that as to my qualifications for the work he criticises, he has no means of judging other than the result of my undertaking affords; and then, notwithstanding this disclaimer of knowledge concerning me, he proceeds to instruct "those who know nothing of Mr. Dana's antecedents," by giving them the information upon my "true status in the world of literature," which is contained in the above quoted elegant extracts. Now he is in error either when he says he knows nothing about me,

or else when he pretends to describe my "antecedents." Both cannot be true.

But of this I say I do not complain. What I do object to in my critic is something graver; and I object to it especially because it seems intended to produce ill feeling between me and an eminent citizen of South Carolina, for whom, as a gentleman and a man of letters, I entertain no other feeling but respect. This critic alleges that I published in November 23d last, in the *New York Tribune*, a letter, from which he undertakes to give an extract, in which the literary productions of Mr. William Gilmore Simms are spoken of in a disrespectful manner. My critic does not put the case hypothetically; he does not say he supposes, or has reason to suspect that I wrote and published the alleged letter; he does not say that he never saw the paper containing it, and that he believes it was a letter, but it might have been something else. He makes his statement absolutely, and without qualification.

I have always supposed it to be a characteristic of a genuine literary man, as distinguished from those mere hangers-on, who "bear the same relation to learning that hypocrites do to religion," that he will never affirm anything positively which he does not know to be true; whereas the hangers-on are ready to affirm any thing, whether they know it or not, and whether it is true or not.



The simple fact is that the quotation given in "Russell's Magazine," is not taken from a letter at all, either of mine or of any one else, but from an editorial article; and that instead of having been written or published by me, as my critic alleges, I had nothing to do with it, and never heard of it or saw it, till I read it in the paper after its publication. Its style of remark is not one I could have used; for I quite agree with my critic in regarding Mr. Simms as one of the most distinguished ornaments of American literature; although, after no casual study of his writings, I still remain of the opinion that his reputation will always rest upon his prose works rather than his poems.

To the literary criticisms of the article in question, I make no objection. But I am constrained to think that it would have been well for the writer to have examined the book before writing about it in so decided a manner. It is true that he might thus have been deprived of some of his most telling points; but on the other hand, what might have remained of his observations would have better commanded the public approval. For instance, he blames me for omitting all of Miss Landon's poems; when, if he had looked into the book he would have found several of them. He blames me for omitting John Skelton's Margaret Hussey, when it is given on page 616 and referred to in two separate indexes. He blames me for having given nothing out of Percy's *Reliques*, when, if he will look into the book, he will find more than fifty of the pieces of that collection. He says that of old English ballads I have given only Chevy Chase; but if he will look into the book, he will find there the Children in the Wood, Sir

Cauline, the Nut Brown Maid, the Spanish Lady's Love, the Friar of Orders Gray, the Heir of Linne, Sir Patrick Spence, Fair Annie of Lochroyan, King Arthur's Death, &c.—in fact some twenty odd of the most admirable and popular of these ballads. He also blames me for not giving specimens of all or nearly all English and American poets, and extracts from various, more or less, famous poems; but if he will look into the book he will find that such a course would be precisely contrary to the plan and object of the work.

I am also charged with doing injustice to Southern poets, though my critic carefully abstains from mentioning even a single poem which I ought to have inserted. I can only say that if I have fallen into such an error, it has been unintentionally; and that I shall hold myself obliged to any one who will favor me with suggestions toward its rectification in future editions of the work.

I am gentlemen, your obedient servant,

CHARLES A. DANA.

New York, Jan. 8, 1859.

#### Mr. Dana's Reply Answered.

When, on a former occasion, we devoted some attention to the "Household Book of Poetry," and incidentally to its compiler, Mr. Charles A. Dana, we performed a task by no means pleasing in itself. It can be agreeable to no man to expose the pretensions of quacks; the feeling of irrepressible scorn which fills the mind at the contemplation of an imposture is not such a feeling as one can enjoy; and on this account we were well satisfied to have exposed the worthlessness of the "Household Book," and

dismissed the subject from our thoughts. But we reckoned without our host; for the mind of man is a mystery, and the forms of ambition countless. Like that famous character mentioned in history, who cherished through life the proud recollection of having been kicked by the King of France, Mr. Dana takes pride in that which most men would look upon as cause for shame. We have no concern with this peculiar taste of Mr. Dana's, but we must speedily dispose of certain statements he has made in reply to our notice of his *Household Book*.

Mr. Dana says that if our description of him as a "hanger-on to the skirts of literature," "a reproach to literature," etc., is not true, the imputation can do him no hurt; and that if it is true, we have bestowed too much consideration upon him and his labours. We readily accede to both these propositions. We go further; we say that our conviction is strong that no imputation, true or false, could do Mr. Dana injury; and that none can know better than ourselves how entirely unworthy of consideration his labours are in themselves. We gave them consideration, because Mr. Dana modestly claimed for them "a place in every household."

We are charged with inconsistency in having said we could judge of Mr. Dana's capacity only by the result of his labours in the "*Household Book*," while at the same time we explained to our readers that his position in the literary world was that of a quack. A few words will show that here is no inconsistency. We said that we knew Mr. Dana to be a trader in literature; and this we do know. Traders are of various degrees of smartness; and Mr. Dana might

have proved, on examination, very shrewd. That he did not prove so, but showed himself very clumsy, is his misfortune. We could pity him, if it were not that he evidently enjoys his exposure, and delights in being pointed out by the fingers of the passers-by.

Mr. Dana next alludes to the letter, which we quoted from the *New York Tribune*, supposing it to be his. He asserts that it was no letter, either of his or of any other person's, but an editorial article; and that he knew nothing of it until he saw it printed in the paper. These things must be so since he positively affirms them. It is not important to our purpose whether the article in question were letter or editorial article. We used the term "letter" in perfect good faith; meaning only, and to this meaning we adhere, that Mr. Dana was to be considered responsible for the article. For it is a very general belief in the South that Mr. Dana is the controlling editor of the *New York Tribune*; at all events, one of the principal editors of that journal, and in that capacity responsible for its editorial utterances. Such is, we repeat, the general belief in the South with regard to Mr. Dana's connection with the *Tribune*, and we hold ourselves amply justified in having assumed the article to be Mr. Dana's. But he has positively denied it, and we give him the benefit of his denial. We have also understood, on good authority, that the article in question has been acknowledged as his own by Mr. Greely, the associate Editor of the *Tribune*.

Mr. Dana thinks our remarks upon the article above-mentioned, intended to produce ill-feeling between himself and an eminent citizen of South Carolina. This really oversteps the modesty of nature.

Does Mr. Dana mistake himself for a man of importance, whose ill-will is a matter of serious concern? Let him recollect himself. Whatever he may feel towards other men, he may rest assured that no distinguished citizen of South Carolina, or of any other State, has room to entertain more than one feeling towards him.

Of the omissions charged upon him, Mr. Dana admits the vast majority, but he shows us to have been in error as to the English Ballads, and Skelton. We make these corrections, and in place of them substitute the names of Dorset, Sotheby, Mrs. Tighe and Alaric A. Watts. There are others we could add.

It is also shown by Mr. Dana that Miss Landon is admitted into his Book under her married name of McLean; but this we refuse to admit as a correction. Mrs. McLean is not known to English literature, while Miss Landon is everywhere known. No man has a right to publish the poems of Byron as those of George Gordon, or the writings of Mrs. Hemans as those of Felicia Browne.

Mr. Dana says that he is unjustly blamed for not giving "specimens of all, or nearly all English and American poets, and extracts from various more or less famous poems; but that such a course would be precisely contrary to the plan and object of the work."

If the plan and object of the work are to be judged of by what is set forth in the preface, it is perfectly true that *large* poems are excluded; but every one, not excepting Mr. Dana, is left to understand the word "large" after his own manner.

Specimens of all, or nearly all English and American poets are by

no means excluded. The words of the preface are: "Whatsoever is truly beautiful among the minor poems of the English language." And Mr. Dana has not hesitated to insert some very ordinary pieces, written by persons not at all known as poets; yet he says his plan excluded specimens of all English and American poets. His plan did not exclude such specimens, but his own caprice did; and his appeal to the Book itself results in his unequivocal discomfiture. This child of many cares, this labour of love which Mr. Dana fondly commends to the households of all, meets him at every turn with reproaches bitter as those of the monster in Frankenstein.

Mr. Dana concludes his reply with these words: "I am also charged with doing injustice to Southern poets, though my critic carefully abstains from mentioning even a single poem which I ought to have inserted. I can only say that if I have fallen into such an error it has been unintentionally, and that I shall hold myself obliged to any one who will favour me with suggestions toward its rectification in future editions of the work."

It will not require a long time to dispose of this characteristic passage, though we are somewhat ashamed of being obliged to notice such a flimsy piece of writing.

In the first place, then, we quoted the *names* of some twenty Southern poets, who have written more or less voluminously, and are extensively known. We did not quote any of their productions for the simple reason that we did not conceive it to be necessary; we convicted Mr. Dana of injustice toward a great number of English poets, but we did not feel called upon

to quote a poem from each one of those poets in order to prove the injustice done them. We give our readers credit for intelligence equal to comprehend that, if we named any poet as neglected by Mr. Dana, the works of the poet were intended, and not the poet in person. But, in dealing with the compiler of the "Household Book," it seems we can take nothing for granted; not even his sincerity.

His error with regard to Southern poets has been, he says, unintentional, and he desires to correct it; which is a very laudable feeling. But, if his error be indeed unintentional, he must be a singularly absent-minded man; for there is one Southern poet whom he highly respects as a man of letters, and whose writings he has studied not casually; and this very poet is among those entirely ignored by Mr. Dana. We have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Dana, and cannot say whether he is really capable of distinguishing poetry from prose; nor do we know what he considers casual study; but we should like him to state whether the following lines are poetry, and if so, whether he has ever studied them casually or otherwise.

Thy thought, but whispered, rises up a  
spirit,  
Winged, and from thence immortal.  
The sweet tone  
Freed by thy skill from prisoning  
wood or stone,  
Doth thence for thine a tribute soul  
inherit!  
When, from the genius speaking in thy  
mind,  
Thou hast evolved the god-like shrine  
or tower,  
That moment does thy matchless art  
unbind  
A spirit born for earth, and armed  
with power,  
The fabric of thy love to watch and  
keep  
From utter desecration. It may fall,  
Thy structure—and its gray stones  
topple all—  
But he who treads its portals feels how  
deep  
A presence is upon him—and his  
word  
Grows hushed, as if a shape unseen  
beside him heard.

We think that these lines would pass for poetry with most cultivated persons. We have taken them, almost at random, from a collection of Simms' poems; poems which Mr. Dana has studied with some care, and of which he is unintentionally ignorant.

It is gratifying to hear that Mr. Dana is ready to receive suggestions; and we sincerely trust that he may receive such as will make clear to him his position.

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'Tis said Time passes like a dream  
And bears us on. It may be so;  
But when with thee, I only know  
I live; nor past nor future seem.

## \*LA PLATA AND PARAGUAY.

Nothing could be more opportune than the publication of this volume, just at this time, when the whole country is waiting for some certain tidings of the expedition which left our shores some months ago, directed against Paraguay, solely to obtain satisfaction for an outrage committed upon the exploring party, whose adventures are now before us. The origin of our dispute with Paraguay, meaning thereby the dictator Lopez, who is the State, was a most unwarrantable act of hostility, on his part, clearly set forth in Capt. Page's work, and to be noticed in its turn.

When, in 1851, Urquiza, the representative of the Liberal party in the Argentine Confederation, had, by the powerful aid of Brazil, enforced the surrender of Montevideo, he had made the first certain step to the overthrow of Rosas, which was consummated in the following year by the battle of Monte Caseros. This battle, principally won by the superiority of the Schleswig-Holstein cavalry in the service of Brazil, placed Urquiza in power, at the head of the Argentine Confederation; and one of his first measures was the issuing of a decree, on the 28th of August, 1852, declaring the navigation of the rivers of the Confederation free to all flags from the 1st of October of the same year. These rivers, the La Plata, the Parana, the Paraguay and Uruguay—all of the first

magnitude—with their branches, drain a basin of about eight hundred thousand square miles in extent, of lands as fertile as any on the globe, and wanting only a market for their produce.

The government of the United States was the first to avail itself of the opportunity thus offered of obtaining a more extended knowledge of the La Plata river. An expedition to explore that river and the other rivers of the vast region thus laid open, was despatched from this country in February, 1853.

Capt. Page was also furnished with authority to negotiate a treaty of commerce and navigation with the Republic of Paraguay. The vessel placed under his command was the "Water Witch," a steamer of four hundred tons burthen.

Capt. Page arrived at Rio de Janeiro, without accident of a serious nature, about the middle of April. Some delay was necessary at that place, for the purpose of obtaining the permission of the Brazilian government for the exploration of those tributaries of the La Plata wholly within the territory of the empire. The permission was not granted, farther than had been already accorded to all nations, viz: to the port of Albuquerque, on the river Paraguay, not very far from the limits of the Brazilian jurisdiction in that quarter. At a later period, when Capt. Page was, unfortunately, not able to take advan-

\*La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay; being a narrative of the exploration of the tributaries of the river La Plata, and adjacent countries, during the years 1853, '54, '55 and '56, under the orders of the U. S. Government. By Thomas J. Page, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With maps and numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, Franklin Square, 1859.

tage of it, the permission to explore all the tributaries of the Paraguay was granted. Just at the time when he received notice of this permission, the President of Paraguay had closed all the waters of the Parana and Paraguay by an arbitrary decree.

In his voyage from Rio, along the coast of Brazil, Capt. Page had full opportunity of testing the accuracy of the French charts of that coast, and he speaks in the highest terms of their correctness. At Montevideo, he found the U. S. frigate "Congress." On the 25th of May, the "Water Witch" reached Buenos Ayres. This city, though not very favourably situated for commerce, has a large and constantly increasing trade, and presents an appearance of vigorous growth and prosperity.

Here Capt. Page had the honor of a personal interview with Urquiza, who received him very favourably, and furnished him with letters to the authorities of the provinces on the river. Owing to the condition of things in Buenos Ayres, which was then closely blockaded by Urquiza, with the Argentine army, Capt. Page was detained for some time by the American minister, who desired to afford his countrymen in the city at least the show of protection. On the 10th of July, Urquiza, with his staff and a body of about four hundred men, took passage on the "Water Witch," and English steamers "Trident" and "Locust," for the province of Entre Rios. On arriving at Concepcion, the capital of that province, Urquiza began the discussion of a treaty of friendship and commerce with the United States; and on the third day, the American minister having accompanied him, the treaty was signed.

The most noteworthy institution of Concepcion, is the College,

founded by Urquiza, and in a very flourishing condition. Here Capt. Page spent some little time.

Having returned to Buenos Ayres, to provide himself with stores, and verify the working of his instruments, Capt. Page left that city, on the 1st of September, 1853, to commence his surveys.

These surveys were established on points of latitude and longitude determined by competent officers. The latitude was derived from observations of north and south stars on the meridian; their longitude by chronometer, from stars east and west of the meridian, and from the altitude of the sun; the variations of the compass, from observations of the sun made with the sextant and artificial horizon. During the day, the observations were taken on shore; but those made by night were taken from the hurricane deck, so motionless was the vessel. In the drawing of the charts, the plan pursued was as follows: two officers were engaged, one of whom, with the chart paper before him, projected the course and distance, the width and depth of the river, delineating, at the same time, the topography on either bank; while the other recorded all observations in his note-book, together with remarks illustrating any peculiar characteristic, such as the growth on the banks, the suitability of the river for steamers, the rapidity of the current, and such matters.

The soundings were made at intervals of five minutes when in deep water, but as often as possible when in shoal water.

The island of Martin Garcia, in the river immediately above Buenos Ayres, is a military position of some importance, as it commands what has hitherto been supposed the deepest channel of communication between the waters of the Parana and the La Plata, which latter river,



here at its narrowest part, is twenty-five miles wide. But the surveys of the "Water Witch" expedition discovered a deeper channel, in the rear of the island of Martin Garcia. Twenty-four miles above the island, the Parana and Uruguay rivers unite their waters. The "Water Witch" first ascended the Parana. The main branch of this river, known as the Parana Guazu, has a course from its mouth to the town of Rosario, in Santa Fe, one hundred and eighty-eight miles, in a northwesterly direction; thence to its confluence with the Paraguay, six hundred and ninety miles, north and a little easterly. An immense number of small branches enter this river on all sides, and the country through which it flows is described in terms as florid as those used by Columbus in his account of Cuba. Capt. Page becomes quite poetical in his description. He says: "Poets would have revelled in it as a scene of paradisiacal beauty. The lower banks were fringed with aquatic plants; the little channels were shaded by the willow, whose long, drooping branches dipped gracefully into the waters, and formed anchorages, under which the boatmen moored their craft for the convenience of the siesta. On all sides the vegetation was tropical in its luxuriance, and the air was laden with delicate odors. The eye would have been fatigued by the gorgeous mingling of colors, presented by the rich foliage of the ceiba, the flower and fruit of the orange tree, the ripe tints of the peach, the brilliant bloom of various shrubs and parasitical plants, had it not been relieved by a verdure as refreshing as it was varied in its shades."

The "Water Witch" entered the Parana at the season of *low water*; and throughout the distance known as the Delta, which is two hundred and forty-five miles from the mouth

by the course of the river, the least depth of water was sixteen feet, and the greatest one hundred and five feet. The width of the river was from a half mile to two and a half miles. The rise of the waters begins in December, and continues at the rate of two inches daily, until the middle of February.

Among the most important towns on this river, is Rosario, in the province of Santa Fe, and commanding the trade of an extensive region. Capt. Page thinks the best class of vessels for the trade with this inland city are the three-masted schooners, recently introduced into American commerce. It has been proved that these vessels are readily hauled to windward and easily handled; though it would seem advisable that they should not carry so great a spread of canvass in those tropical seas as is usual in their present trade.

At San Lorenzo, near the mouth of the Cacarana river, Capt. Page cast anchor, hoping to get observations for latitude and longitude. This place is one of the old establishments of the Jesuits, and before their time, was selected by Sebastian Cabot, for the first settlement of the Europeans in the valley of the La Plata. The river Cacarana, which enters the Parana six miles above San Lorenzo, was found, on examination, to be impracticable for navigation; if for no other reason, because of the declivity of its bed—two and a half feet to the mile—sufficient to make a current of overpowering force. And Capt. Page observes, on excellent local authority, as well as on his own exploration, that many tributary rivers of the country, described as navigable, in the maps, are not so.

At Diamante, thirty-three miles above Cacarana, the banks of the Parana, hitherto level and but little elevated above the water, become



bolder and more broken. It is at this point that the high rolling country of *Entre Rios* begins.

While Capt. Page had thus ascended the right bank of the river, Lieut. Powell, in a small steamer, chartered for the purpose, was engaged in surveying the left bank and the tributaries of the *Parana* on the west. The general character of the country was found to be similar to that lying on the eastern side of the river. Above *Diamante* the river winds northwardly twenty-two miles, to *Paciencia*, a place most significantly named, for only by the most patient perseverance is a vessel enabled to reach it. Just at this point a very interesting physical change was going on, at the time of Capt. Page's visit. During the short period of his stay at this place, the main channel of the river decreased in depth from twenty-seven to eighteen feet, and a new and deeper channel had formed through a flat which separated the main land from one of the river islands.

At *Santa Fe*, in lat.  $31^{\circ} 38' 34''$  S. lon.  $60^{\circ} 39' 48''$  W., Capt. Page found himself on the verge of the vast Indian domain, known as "*El Chaco*," which borders the river *Paraguay* on the west, over an extent of twelve degrees of latitude. Nominally under the control of the different governments around them, the Indians of this wide region are fully as untamed and independent as those that hunt the buffalo on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. They frequently make predatory incursions on the border settlements, but their limits are slowly and steadily contracting.

The city of *Parana*, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, is on the left bank of the *Parana* river, about ten miles north of *Paciencia*—well situated on an elevated plateau, well built and laid

out. *Parana* is inhabited by an industrious and thriving population, and steadily increases in size. The city possesses large lime kilns and extensive tanneries. Beyond the city of *Parana*, the river runs in a tolerably direct course to the north for a hundred and seventy-eight miles to *Vuelta del Norte*, where the river winds in an extraordinary manner, now north, now south, through sixteen points of the compass.

At this point of the river the explorers had a fine view of a flight of locusts, which appeared, says Capt. Page, "like a black cloud in the north east, which approached rapidly. They came in myriads, darkening the air. Some fell on deck or were caught by the rigging and spars." Subsequently, in *Paraguay*, Capt. Page saw a flight of these destructive insects settle on a grove of orange trees, which, in a short time, was left as leafless as the orchards of northern latitudes in mid-winter. On the 23d of September the "*Water Witch*" reached *Corrientes*. Here Capt. Page met with the same kind reception from Governor *Pujol* which had hitherto been accorded him by all the authorities of the States he had passed through. Twenty miles above *Corrientes* the *Parana* unites with the *Paraguay*, and the jurisdiction of the President of *Paraguay* begins. At the entrance of the *Paraguay* river Capt. Page found the navy of the republic consisting of five small vessels, and exchanged salutes with the "*Admiral*."

He then continued up the river, and on the 1st October came to anchor before the city of *Asuncion*. The same day he called on the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and appointed to call on the President at four o'clock the same afternoon. He was punctual to the hour and found his Excellency seated in great

state by the side of a circular table, on which his arm rested. As Capt. Page approached, President Lopez slightly raised his hat, without rising, and motioned to him to be seated. This somewhat pompous ceremonial is, it seems, the etiquette always observed by the President. Capt. Page was favourably impressed with the intelligence and information of President Lopez and his kindly disposition towards the objects of the expedition. Possibly these favourable symptoms were but a part of the President's diplomatic tactics, in which, as was afterwards discovered, he is very skilful. Certainly it must require great astuteness of policy to maintain a position of arbitrary power, unshaken by the collisions with other and stronger governments which Lopez takes no pains to avoid.

Asuncion seems to be a delightful place. The people, relieved from the incubus of Francia, are, by all accounts, cheerful, hospitable, intelligent and well bred; and the furious hurry of commercial enterprise has not yet turned its course in that direction. These Japanese of South America, as they have been called, seem to be well satisfied with their condition, and they have the secret of pleasing all foreigners who visit them. Capt. Page speaks of the terror with which Francia's memory is regarded, even now, so long after his death; and he relates one or two anecdotes on the subject, which entirely coincide with our own knowledge. We remember meeting a Paraguayan a few years ago, in New York, who uttered the very sentiment Capt. Page found prevalent in Asuncion: "No en toda compa ia hablo de Francia."—Something very terrible was in that Francia to have left so lasting an impression of his power for evil.

Any ruler must appear merciful, after such a despot, and it is fortunate for Lopez' reputation that his immediate predecessor was the Dictator Francia.

Capt. Page left Asuncion on the 7th November, 1853, on his upward exploration of the river Paraguay. The general formation of the land on the banks of this river is high, rolling country; lofty bluffs abut on the river. Many of the districts through which the Paraguay flows have a soil deeply impregnated with saline particles, and a rude kind of distillation produces a large supply of coarse, but serviceable salt. The number of small streams and rivers flowing into the Paraguay on both sides, is very great, and in fact this extensive distribution of streams is a characteristic feature of the river systems of South America. No doubt the extraordinary fertility of the soil in most of the great river basins in that continent is to be ascribed to this extensive subdivision of the water courses, which is so minute as to recall the artificial irrigation of Lombardy. Of the magnificent timber trees of the La Plata and Paraguay basins Capt. Page speaks in the highest terms of admiration. There can be no doubt that as commerce extends with those immense regions, the valuable woods of the country will be greatly sought after for purposes of ship building, as well as of ornamental architecture. Such woods as the Yrapipe, the Espina de Corona, the Algorroba, would be invaluable for ship building, and may probably be found as durable as the African teak wood. Capt. Page found that a cord of any of these woods, furnished him for fuel, was fully equal to a ton of coal. Forty miles from Asuncion the river was found to be one thousand and seventy-six yards in width, its least depth twenty feet, and the

greatest seventy-two. At the time of highest water in the river, the banks are generally eleven feet above the water. As the steamer ascended the river, additional strength was given to an observation made by Capt. Page, while in the Parana river; the fact of the inclination of the rivers to encroach on the east bank. And he suggests as the probable agency in this encroachment, the revolution of the earth on its axis. Certainly, if this encroachment operated by such a cause, the effect should be precisely what is observed in the rivers of this equatorial region. Analogous to this may be noticed the slight, but decided tendency of the eastern side of rail roads in the warmer countries to rise above the level.

Having ascended the Paraguay as far as the Brazilian province of Mato Grosso, Capt. Page returned in the month of January, 1854, to Asuncion, where he left the steamer under the charge of his subordinates, while he himself with two companions, undertook an exploration of Paraguay by land.

In the course of this journey, he had renewed occasion to experience the cordial hospitality of the Paraguayans, always freely offered, whether he was in town or country. Everywhere, in spite of Francia's efforts at destruction, he found relics of the civilization founded by the Jesuit fathers, in this secluded region of the earth. It is well known that they had built up among the Guarani, the largest Indian tribe of Paraguay, a substantial empire of their own, without reference to the authority of Spain. They even refused to teach the Spanish language to the Guarani, under various pretexts; until at last the Spanish government, alarmed for the probable result of their schemes, suppressed the Order in a single night throughout

the American provinces. Captain Page does full justice to the zeal and energy of the Jesuits in the work of civilizing the Indians of this region; and gives an account of their labours, the settlements they established, and the conversions wrought by them. To this day the Guarani are noted for a peaceable, industrious disposition, and correct habits of life.

Indeed, one very pleasing characteristic of Capt. Page's narrative is the enlightened liberality of his tone, and his readiness to recognize the merits of the nations he visits. We are glad to say that, as far as we have had opportunity of judging, these are distinguishing characteristics of our officers in both services.

During Capt. Page's absence on an excursion into the interior of Corrientes, the difficulty occurred in Asuncion, which led to the extraordinary attack upon the "Water Witch." A brother of the U. S. Consul at that place, Mr. Hopkins, while riding out with a lady, chanced to meet a herd of cattle, which took fright at the riding party and dispersed in the woods. The herdsman driving them made an assault upon Mr. Hopkins; and, naturally, his brother, the Consul, made complaint to the President. It is interesting to notice that in this case, as in every other since the days of the wise Sultan, a woman was at the bottom of the difficulty. President Lopez took exception to the language in which the complaint was couched. Then began writing and re-writing; and violent decrees were issued by Lopez against all foreigners, but especially directed against Americans.

When Capt. Page returned to Asuncion, he had numerous interviews with President Lopez, who assured him that the Americans in the country should in no way

be molested, and that the American Company, who desired to withdraw should be allowed to do so without difficulty. Yet petty annoyances were inflicted upon them; their effects were detained until they should give up certain deeds and papers, which secured them in the possession of lands purchased and paid for. Capt. Page made a remonstrance, in a note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who the next day returned the note with a request that it should be translated into Spanish. This treatment decided Capt. Page to remove his countrymen at once, and he sent notice of his intention. In an hour after, came the permit from the President for the removal of the effects. They then left the city.

Capt. Page's reflections upon this affair seem to us very sensible. He says that Lopez is, probably, quite unaware of his real weakness, in comparison with other, and particularly with distant nations. Entirely secluded from intercourse with foreigners for so many years, the Paraguayans are in a condition of real ignorance as to the actual world; and, naturally, they believe their President to be among the greatest of rulers. He, himself, though more aware of his true position, yet lives in the atmosphere of adulation and flattery. And the foreigners in the country have, probably, been too willing to acquiesce silently in his arbitrary measures. Our policy, with regard to Paraguay, seems perfectly plain; to be forbearing, tolerant, friendly in conduct, but at the same time consistently firm and decided. Instant apology and satisfaction should be exacted for any breach of the law of nations towards us; and there can be no doubt that our flag will be respected if these principles direct our conduct.

After an exploration of the Ura-

guay and its tributaries, and various land excursions and residences, which occupied a whole year, Capt. Page despatched the "Water Witch" up the Parana, as far as the island of Apipe, a distance of one hundred miles from the junction of that river with the Paraguay. He himself, in the steamer "Pilcomayo," chartered for the purpose, started for the river Salado. This was towards the end of January, 1855. On the 3d of February, two hundred miles below Corrientes, the "Water Witch" was met returning. The statement of Lieut. Jeffers, the officer in command, was that, when about three miles from Corrientes, in the Parana river, which is the common boundary of Paraguay and the State of Corrientes, he was fired into from a fort on the Paraguay side of the river. By this first shot, the helmsman was killed; and other shots were fired until the steamer withdrew out of range. At the time when she was fired into, the "Water Witch" was actually on the Corrientes side of the river, and sounding to avoid a shoal which ran out towards the middle of the river. Lieut. Jeffers returned the fire, as well as he was able, with the three guns which formed the armament of the "Water Witch."

Justly indignant at this outrage, Capt. Page descended the river to Montevideo, in hope of finding an American man-of-war, with which to return and demolish the fort at once. At that city he wrote an account of the affair to the United States Government, and despatched a message to the Commdore on the Brazil station, asking for a vessel to avenge the insult.

But the officer in command thought it more proper to await the action of the home government; and, we must confess, it seems to us that he was in the right. It is

better that the reparation exacted for such an offence should appear to be rather the deliberate purpose of the nation, than the hasty action of an officer without special authority, however justly his action may seem called for.

We have been able to take but a slight survey of the field in which Capt. Page has wrought to such excellent purpose. We have been obliged to omit the interesting geological notes which he furnishes, and many of the particulars of his journeys and voyages, which we have found interesting in the highest degree. The solemn forests and gorgeous flowers, the boundless pampas, the profusion of the richest fruits, and the perpetual summer of those remote regions, appear in the volume of Capt. Page with perfect fidelity; and the imagination is strongly excited by the picture of the mighty floods that roll their vast volume through that tropical scenery.

The historical chapters appended to the work, though not in harmony with the design of the book, are valuable as affording in this convenient form much information not usually sought after. The most interesting of these are, undoubtedly, those relating to the missions.

It is to be regretted that a volume so commendable in other respects, should be defaced by innumerable errors in the spelling of Spanish words. It seems fair to charge these faults on Capt. Page's imperfect knowledge of Spanish; since the Indian names are uniformly correctly spelled. Throughout the book we find "commandante;" and such words as *sause*, *seibo*, *tobaco*, *Carlo*, *Quatros*, *Cosmi*, are to be found almost every where. In one place we find *murien* for the present subjunctive of *morir*. These are small faults, but they are very unnecessary ones, and might have been avoided with a little care.

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SONNET.

That sunny afternoon of early Spring  
 We wandered through the meadows; cool and free  
 The light wind blew across the flowery lea;  
 The twittering birds were busy on the wing;  
 The joyous earth and air did seem to sing,  
 So far the inward soul of harmony,  
 Pervading all, quickened the sense to see  
 The mighty mother gladly hastening  
 The gifts of cloudless hours, the cadence sweet  
 Of happy voices making music meet  
 For those who look, with love-awakened eyes,  
 While far remote the lonely days retreat,  
 To see the deepening glory of the skies,  
 And o'er the new-born earth new heaven arise.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

The manner in which the news of the death of the historian Prescott has been received by the literary and political journals of this country and of Europe, proves, beyond a cavil, the generally profound admiration of the author and his works. Never, we believe, was the reputation of any historian, ancient or modern, founded upon a broader and more substantial basis. Without considering for a moment the physical difficulties which Prescott was obliged to overcome—notwithstanding that these were of a sort to daunt the boldest nature, we maintain that his writings, judged solely by their intrinsic merits, are among the most valuable contributions ever given to the really important annals of mankind. The department of the world's history, which our author selected as the theme of his elaborate researches, was, in many respects, most intricate and obscure. The authorities were widely scattered and difficult of access. They were often, moreover, contradictory and equivocal, so that the judgment necessary to separate truth from fiction, and to discriminate between individual or party prejudice, and a veracious statement of events, was of the most subtle and unerring character. No superficial student is able to appreciate an hundredth part of the skill and labour which Mr. Prescott bestowed upon the *mere selection and arrangement of his material*. The call for active discrimination was constant and imperative. To a man who looked upon the rhetorical tricks, the ornate special pleading whereby many recent authors—miscalled historians—have deluded the people, with aversion and contempt, to whom truth, and the search after truth, constituted the "end and aim" of his endeavours, it was not possible to rest content with partial or partisan evidence.

No! he must probe his subject to the core; he must analyze the conflicting testimony, until all contradictions are reconciled, or explained away; he must be prepared to demonstrate with mathematical certainty, the correctness of his opinions, and to show that for every

statement, however trivial, the clearest authority exists. Thus high was Mr. Prescott's idea of the responsibility of his vocation; and truly, but few authors ever so thoroughly exemplified an exalted theory by conscientious practice. The result is to be observed in the extent, and the solid nature of his reputation. With the single exception of Washington Irving, no American writer has been so universally, so cordially, recognized in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Immediately after the publication of the *Conquest of Peru*, he was chosen a member of the Royal Society of Literature, and also of the Society of Antiquaries, the last honour being shared at that period by but one other American. Translations of his works, by competent scholars, are to be found in the German, French, Spanish and Italian languages, and his perfect trustworthiness and fidelity have been acknowledged by the European critics, with hardly a dissentient voice.

It has been justly remarked that "the distinguishing merit of Mr. Prescott, is his power of vividly representing characters and events in their right relations, and applying to them their proper principles. He thus presents a true exhibition of the period of time he has chosen for his subject; enabling the reader to comprehend its peculiar character, to realize its passions and prejudices, and at once to observe it with the eye of a contemporary, and judge it with the calmness of a philosopher!" A result so admirable has been brought about, even more, perhaps, by the historian's judicial impartiality, (owing to the clearness of his *moral perceptions*,) than by the unquestionably high order of his intellectual capacity. Never can we charge Mr. Prescott with the slightest distortion of facts, or the explanation of motives of action in accordance with his *personal* prepossessions. He is *not* the victim of his own theories, passions, or peculiar modes of speculation. Not only does he communicate facts, but these facts are presented in their true relations, instead of being "forced out of



them, through the unconscious operation of the historian's feelings and prejudices." His works, therefore, are monuments of his unswerving integrity, no less than of his clear, well balanced genius! They contain, within themselves, all the elements essential to a lasting value, and continued recognition among men.

We will conclude this imperfect notice by quoting some portions of a deeply interesting letter, relating to Mr. Prescott's personal character, and habits as a student, contributed to the *New York Tribune* by a secretary of the late historian:

"It is a common impression that Mr. Prescott was blind, or nearly blind. The truth is, he could see well enough for all the ordinary uses of life. While a boy, at College, he met with an accident which injured his sight permanently. He was sitting at a table in the dining hall, when a class-mate playfully threw at him, from the opposite side of the table, a crust of bread, which struck one of his eyes. That eye, eventually, became nearly blind, and the other was so seriously affected, from sympathy, that a disorder arose of the optic nerve, which weakened the eye to such a degree that, although its sight was *not* impaired, it could not be used for reading or writing, except for a very brief period. \* \* \* Mr. Prescott rarely wrote more than his name, without the help of a case, which enabled him to write mechanically. This instrument was an oblong frame, with stout brass wires stretched across it, at a distance of about an inch. Guided by these wires, he wrote with an agate stylus on prepared paper. \* \* \* He rose early, waked by an alarm clock, whose summons he never disregarded. Ascertaining by the thermometer the state of the weather out of doors, he clothed himself accordingly, putting on so many *pounds of clothing*, more or less, according to the weather. His coats, vests and pantaloons were all marked with their weights in pounds and ounces. He walked for half an hour before breakfast, occupying his thoughts in composition. After breakfast, his wife read to him for an hour; during which time he shaved and made his toilet for the day. The book selected for this hour was always one of light literature, generally a *novel*. He was fond of novels, and thought they stimulated his imagination. \* \* \*

\* \* \* His correspondence, though not frequent, embraced a wide area of the earth's surface, and some names of eminence. Humboldt wrote to him occasionally. More frequently wrote from Paris, Count de Circourt, author of a history of the Spanish Arabs, and from Madrid, Senor de Gayangos, author of that 'treasure of oriental

learning,' the history of the Mohammedan dynasties in Spain. \* \* \* Mr. Prescott wrote his histories by chapters, each chapter comprising a separate division of the subject. For instance, the opening chapter of Philip II. is on the abdication of Charles V. It was written in this way: The secretary selected all the books and manuscripts which contained anything relating to the abdication. The oldest of these was first read; Mr. Prescott interrupting the reading when any fact was stated, would dictate a note to the secretary, accompanied by such remarks on the fact as suggested themselves to him. The rest of the works were gone through with in the same way. The secretary, at his leisure, wrote out the notes in a clear hand, and arranged them. When the authorities had all been read, the mass of notes thus accumulated were read over to Mr. Prescott, who modified and added to them as he saw fit. Any inconsistencies or obscurities were settled, if they admitted of settlement, by reference again to the authorities. The manuscript of the memoranda was then laid upon his desk, and he set himself to meditate upon the topic of his chapter, viz: the abdication of Charles. He would sit for an hour, leaning back in his great chair, silent and immovable. Now and then, he would take up the manuscript, and glance at some parts of it. This process of meditation would continue for days, sometimes (if the subject were a difficult one) for weeks. At length he would begin to write. Case in hand, he would dash off page after page, for hours at a time, with nearly as much readiness as if he wrote from memory. \* \* \* Mr. Prescott's cheerfulness and amiability were really admirable. He had a finely wrought sensitive organization; he was high spirited, courageous, independent, resolute; was free from cant, or affectation of any sort. Yet no annoyance, great or small, the most painful illness or the most intolerable bore, could disturb his equanimity, or render him in the least degree sullen, fretful, or discourteous. He was always gay, good-humoured, manly, most gentle and affectionate to his family, and most kind and gracious to all around him. This made him a delightful companion, and I look back to the year passed in his service as the most agreeable of my life."

Mrs. Wordsworth, the widow of the great contemplative poet of the nineteenth century, died at Rydal Mount, on the 17th day of January last. We are told by the "London Daily News" that it "was by the accident (so to speak) of



her early friendship for Wordsworth's sister, that her life became involved with the poetic element, which her mind would hardly have sought for itself in another position." She was the incarnation of good sense, and practical forethought, as applied to the concerns of every-day-life. But she does not appear to have been an imaginative, nor, indeed, in any sense, a particularly intellectual woman, so that the application of Wordsworth's celebrated poem

("She was a phantom of delight,")

to her, may be regarded as more than doubtful. The last stanza, and the last stanza, alone, can be construed as truly descriptive of her character, unless the poet, influenced by his affection, was led greatly to idealize. But, if not highly gifted with mental capacities, Mrs. Wordsworth may well claim admiration for her exalted moral endowments. She had many and severe trials to endure. "Of her early sorrows," says the News, "in the loss of two children and a beloved sister, there are, probably, no living witnesses. It will never be forgotten by any one who saw it, how the late dreary train of afflictions was met. For many years, Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy, (so lovingly mentioned by De Quincey) was a melancholy charge. Mrs. Wordsworth was wont to warn any rash enthusiasts for mountain walking, by the spectacle before them. The adoring sister would never fail her brother; and she destroyed her health, and then her reason, by exhausting walks, and wrong remedies for the consequences. Forty miles a day was not a singular feat of Dorothy's. \* \* \* \* She outlived the beloved Dora, Wordsworth's only surviving daughter. After the lingering illness of that daughter, (Mrs. Quillinan) the mother encountered the dreariest portion of her life. Her aged husband used to spend the long winter evenings in grief and tears—week after week, month after month. He could not be comforted. The poor wife grew whiter and smaller, so as to be greatly altered in a few months; but this was only the expression of what she endured, and he did not discover it. When he, too, left her, it was seen how disinterested had been her trouble. When his trouble had ceased, she, too, was relieved. She followed his coffin to the sacred corner of Grasmere churchyard, where lay now all those who had once made her home. She joined the household guests on their return from the funeral, and made tea as usual. And this was the distinguishing spirit which carried her through the last few years, till she had just reached the ninetieth. Even then, she had strength to combat disease for many days. Sev-

eral times she rallied, and relapsed; and she was full of alacrity of mind and body as long as exertion of any kind was possible. \* \* \* \* There were many eager to render all duty and love, her two sons, nieces and friends, and a whole sympathising neighbourhood. \* \* \* The question usually asked by visitors to that part of Grasmere churchyard was *where* she should be laid when the time came, the space was so completely filled? The cluster of stones told of the little children who died a long life-time ago; of the sisters, Sarah Hutchinson and Dorothy Wordsworth, and of Mr. Quillinan and his two wives, Dora lying between her husband and father, and seeming to occupy her mother's rightful place. Hartley Coleridge lies next the family group, and others press around. There is room, however. The large grey stone, which bears the name of Wm. Wordsworth, has ample space left for another inscription; and the grave beneath has ample space for his faithful life-companion. *Not one* is left now of the eminent persons who rendered that cluster of valleys so famous as it had been. Doctor Arnold, went first, in the vigour of his years. Southey died at Keswick, and Hartley Coleridge on the margin of Rydal Lake, and the Quillinans under the shadow of Loughrigg, and Professor Wilson disappeared from Elleray, and the three venerable Wordsworths from Rydal Mount!"

The quiet, and sometimes rather amusing insolence, with which the British Reviews and Periodicals were accustomed to treat all American writers, (excepting Washington Irving) has been modified, certainly, but by no means wholly discontinued. Two remarkable instances of this ancient transatlantic prejudice are before us at this moment. The first is to be found in a notice of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which appears in the January issue of Chamber's Edinburgh Journal. The critic can say nothing more genial of the wisest and wittiest book which has graced the literature of Europe or America for many years, than "that if the last work of Dr. Holmes is to be taken as a fair sample of his powers of breakfast table talk, he had better stick to that for the future, and give up writing poetry!" It is then intimated that Dr. Holmes has written but one really stirring ballad, (*On lending a silver punch bowl*), whereas, in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," there are many good things, and better than we should have given him credit for!

Now, when we reflect, that since the death of Thomas Hood, probably no poet who writes in the English language

has arisen, possessed of the humour, pathos, and catholic sentiment of Dr. Holmes, expressed at all times in sparkling and harmonious verse, the qualified commendation of Chamber's Journal, *must* be regarded as the forced concession (most ungraciously yielded) of an enemy. \* \* \* The same unworthy prejudice, evident in the critique just quoted, is even more apparent in the "Westminster Quarterly's" review of Longfellow's recent volume. After presenting its readers with a bald outline of the plot of "Miles Standish's Courtship," in which it finds little to praise, the *Westminster* goes on to speak of the miscellaneous poems succeeding it, which are said to display only an "harmonious mediocrity." And then, by way of illustration, it mentions that superb poem on the death of the Duke of Wellington, so suggestively entitled "The Warden of the Cinque Ports." Now, of all the periodicals, quarterly, or monthly, published in Great Britain, the "Westminster Review" is the very last to be excused for imposing upon the public such unjust and superficial criticism! Its corps of editors is not only large, but it numbers some of the ablest men in England; the advantages of the division of labour are understood, and acted upon by its conductors, for the various portions of the editorial department, are each under the control of some writer who has made the subject, whether it be theology, philology, entomology, or belles lettres, his *special study*. Therefore, it is not from ignorance, but from sheer prejudice and ill feeling that such criticisms are made upon American books.

When will "these English" learn to know that writing in the same language, with the same habitudes of thought, from the same energies of blood and brain, and with a reverence equal to theirs, for the great masters who have so wonderfully illustrated the power and beauty of the tongue given to us by our common mother, every American author, who, by his productions, adds anything true and permanent to the literature which belongs to us both, does as much for the glory of England, as for the glory of his own country? Let this principle be but once recognized, and the shameful antagonism so long characteristic of the English Reviews in regard to American writers and their works, must give place to a cordial recognition of the ability of our authors, whenever it is fairly and unquestionably manifested.

We have before alluded to a weekly literary paper (the *Saturday Press*) pub-

lished in New York city, and edited by T. B. Aldrich and Henry Clapp, Jr. This paper seems to have been started upon the principle of astonishing its readers by bold paradoxes, and the cool assertion of unorthodox opinions on every possible subject.

Nevertheless, its editors are clever men, and gifted with the power of writing in a delightfully dashing style, as the following leader on "Our Politics" will show:

"We have received several letters lately—among others, a very stupid one, signed 'Black Republican,' but evidently written by a republican black—asking us about the politics of the *Saturday Press*. Let us dispose of the matter with a few strokes of the pen.

The *Saturday Press* has no politics. It looks upon politicians, of whatever breed or half-breed, shell or half-shell, as an uninteresting species of maniac. We have no ambition to govern anybody, nor to see anybody governed. And if we had, we should probably be disappointed.

All existing forms of government we look upon as mischievous organizations, requiring altogether too much time and trouble for the people to keep in order. Republics not excepted. The divine right of the majority to govern is as absurd, in our sight, as the divine right of kings to govern, or of popes. More so. There has never yet been a man in the world who could govern himself; much less one that could govern his neighbour.

We have no wish, however, to see what are called governments abolished. At least, not at present. For, in that case, the governors—who are a class of people wholly incompetent to take care of themselves—would have to be supported by some more direct mode of charity, which would be humiliating to *them*, without being any less burdensome to the *people*, who are bound to take care of them at any rate, and may as well do it in one way as another.

Moreover, there is a class of men who find government an interesting subject to talk about, and to fight about, and who, without something of the kind, would inevitably become idiots in the flower of their youth. We would no more deprive such persons of their favourite hobby, than we would deprive a fireman of his "machine," an old maid of her lap-dog, or our dramatic critic of his Anna Maria: for, though we may be heretical, we are not cruel.

Therefore, let it be understood, once for all, that though we have no politics, and have no desire for any—would, in fact, as soon have the measles as have them in any form—nevertheless, we

make no objection to other people having them; and if they will but stop boring us with letters on the subject, we will promise to remain silent about it—and them—for the rest of our days."

Whenever in literature, or politics, a controversy shall arise between two parties not equal in ability or position, it is the policy of the *inferior* to continue the controversy to almost any extreme of bitterness and provocation. Doctor Holmes, in his "table-talk" admirably illustrates the truth of this by the following metaphorical lesson, which it would be well for all vituperative editors to take to heart, whenever the spiteful demon within them shall suggest a war of epithets upon gentlemen averse to the conflicts, or unskilled in the vocabulary of the Bowery. Here is the Doctor's metaphor:

"If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the *hydrostatic paradox of controversy*?

"Don't know what that means? Well, I will tell you. You know that if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a *pipe stem*, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. *Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—AND THE FOOLS KNOW IT.*"

We commenced our Editors' Table by referring to the death of Prescott; the news has just come from Europe of the decease of another eminent historian. Henry Hallam, the author of the history of the "Middle Ages," of the history of the "Literature of Europe," and of so many other works of sterling value and interest. But the career, as one of our city contemporaries has observed, of this great man, might be looked upon as fairly run—the measure of his fame and usefulness was well nigh full; whereas, in the case of Prescott, the regret for his departure is rendered more poignant by the thought, that he left his last, and perhaps, his *best* work, unfinished. Truly, the "great are falling from us!" but who has failed to observe that misfortunes of this nature seldom came sing-

ly? There seem to be periods when death deliberately sets himself to the task of cutting down the wisest and noblest of the race! One illustrious life after another is destroyed, and the world stands aghast to see that neither fame, nor power, nor genius, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, are proof against the malignant force of the fierce spectre who "loves a shining mark!"

In a previous article published in this Magazine, we spoke of the deeply-thoughtful and suggestive lectures of the Rev. F. W. Robertson. Referring now, to the lecture on Wordsworth, we come upon the following passage, which is worthy the attention of every reader:

"Just as the *real* standard of taste is not the standard of the mass—is not judged by the majority of votes, but is decided by the few—so, in matters of *poetry*, it is not by the mass, nor by the majority of votes, that these things can be tested, *but they are to be tested by the pure, and simple, and true in heart*—by those who, all their life long, have been occupied in the discipline of feeling; for, in early life, poetry is a *love, a passion*;—but, as life goes on, this passion passes; the love for poetry wanes; the mystic joy dies with our childhood, and other objects engage our labours, etc."

The *Edinburgh Review* was always very profound upon the subject of American politics, but in the following paragraph that astute authority has surpassed itself. Listen, O! democracy of the Great Republic, and learn *why* it was that your illustrious triumvirate of statesmen died "broken-hearted and humiliated."

"Webster bowed his splendid head to the yoke of the south, and died broken-hearted at the consequences of the humiliation. Clay sustained repeated disappointments, and left a tainted reputation, as having been the obstacle to the restriction and reduction of slavery in some of the frontier States, and the cause of its establishment in Missouri, Florida and Arkansas. Calhoun died broken-hearted also."

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Ernest Carroll; or, Artist-Life in Italy. A Novel in three parts, (second edition.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.*

This is a republication of an English work of fiction, the hero of which is an American. The author informs us that during a long residence on the continent, he derived great pleasure from the acquaintance of several American friends, many of whom were professional artists. He expresses his indebtedness to them for most of the anecdotes which form a large portion of his book. Ernest Carroll, viewed merely as a novel is extravagant in plot, and founded upon incidents of a wild and improbable nature; but the anecdotal matter is generally entertaining, and some of the descriptions of works of art, and of individual character, display cleverness and keen observation. The humorous parts are not so good. Otway, the dog-fancier, for example, is simply a grotesque creation of the brain, the details of whose absurd mania are by no means pleasant reading. There is *one* chapter in this book, which we cannot help designating as disgraceful. It is that in which the merits of Ruskin, the celebrated art-critic, are discussed.

Now, we do not pretend to say that Ruskin's theory of art may not be all wrong; but what shall we think of such a vigorous and picturesque writer of English, who has charmed the world by his inimitable word-paintings, being designated as "an ass, who ought to be hung, or burnt in effigy?" Coarse denunciation of this kind is, at all times, offensive, but when used in regard to really eminent men by persons of vastly inferior intellectual calibre, it must be regarded as eminently disgusting.

We find a passage in the book, concerning the style and genius of some of our American poets, which is worthy of being quoted:

"Your American poets are not rash innovators. Longfellow, for instance, is romantic in his legends, dramatic in his plots, musical in his verse, and graphic in his descriptions. I know of few poets

that have so happily painted the peculiarity of scenery, manners and customs; catching, as it were, the aroma of the soil of the country he describes, and conveying to the reader those subtle sensations experienced by a traveller in a foreign land. His images are full of beauty, his thought original, and his sentiment elevating, delicate and refined. Of Lowell and Holmes I have read less. The former seems not to have faltered, hesitating between the comic and tragic muses, but to have wooed them alternately. He must be a man of keen susceptibility and wide sympathies, to have won favours from two such dissimilar mistresses. How full of tenderness and grace are his pathetic pieces, and how irresistibly comic are his humorous productions! In Holmes I admire the artistic finish by which he conceals his art. His polished lines seem so many crystalizations of wit and wisdom, held in solution in about equal proportions.

"Have you read Emerson?" asked Carrol. "Very little. He challenges my admiration, but does not win my sympathies. He plays round the head, but never reaches the heart."

"I never unravel one of his intricately involved stanzas, without seeing the writhings of a thought, stretched and tortured on the rack of his ingenuity, until all life and spirit are extinct. His thoughts resemble a cocoon. When you have unwound its finely spun threads, you are disappointed in finding an inanimate grub, instead of a full-fledged butterfly panting with the pleasures of a new existence, and the pride of conscious beauty!"—page 277.

There is much truth in this well-expressed critique upon Emerson's poetry; but, sometimes the cold philosopher does give place in his works to the profoundly sympathising man, as witness his poem called "A Threnody," wherein occur the following lines:

"I see my empty house,  
I see my trees repair their boughs,  
And he, the wondrous child,  
Whose silver warble wild,

Outvalued every pulsing sound,  
Within the Air's cerulian round—  
The hyacinthine boy, for whom  
Morn wail might break, and April bloom;  
The gracious boy, who did adorn  
The world, whereinto he was born,  
And by his countenance repay  
The favour of the loving Day—  
Has disappeared from the Day's eye;  
Far and wide, she cannot find him;  
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him."

"Gentle guardians marked serene  
His early hope, his liberal mein,  
Took counsel from his guiding eyes  
To make this wisdom earthly-wise;  
Ah! vainly do these eyes recall  
The school march, each day's festival,  
When every morn my bosom glowed  
To watch the convoy on the road;  
The babe in willow-wagon closed,  
With rolling eyes and face composed;  
With children, forward and behind,  
Like Cupids studiously inclined;  
And he, the chieftain, paced beside  
The centre of the troop allied,  
With sunny face of sweet repose,  
To guard the babe from fancied foes—  
The little captain, innocent,  
Took the eye with him as he went.  
Each village senior paused to scan  
And speak the lovely caravan.  
From the window I look out  
To mark thy beautiful parade—  
Stately marching, in cap and coat,  
To some tune by furies played,  
A music heard by thee alone,  
To works as noble led thee on."

*The Heroes of the Last Lustre. A Poem.*  
New York: Daniel Dana, Jr., 351  
Broadway:

This poem is published anonymously. The Apology informs us that "the author would state that the greater part of it was written two years ago. Causes beyond control have latterly delayed the publication of a song not then intended for the world. If the reader will consider the 'Last Lustre' as intended for the years previous to the writing, and not the publication of this volume, he will understand better its motto; and will confess that no five years' space in the world's history has produced more giants in true valour than this last lustre of an age that false reformers term degenerate. The author hopes to be pardoned in that he has left the beaten path of modern poetry, and, after the spirit of the ancient masters of the art, has chanted, in strains that perhaps lack the sentimentality of the love-song, the noble deeds of heroes."

We will consider anything the author pleases, provided he do not insist upon our acknowledging his book as poetry.

If we can be sure of what he means to say in his Apology, he has started in the wrong direction. He has, most likely, determined, in cold blood, to write a poem in praise of various great deeds performed of late, and he has executed his determination in a merciless spirit. The song did not come to him; it is very plain, we think, that he bewildered himself in seeking out the song. And this manner of procedure is not at all "in the spirit of the ancient masters of the art." Those masters sang because it was their vocation to sing; and, though they treated of heroes, they did not hesitate to make them sentimental on occasion, and to write love-songs.

For the giants in valour, of whom our author speaks, we have the warmest admiration; they deserve the praise of men for their constancy and courage. But the world has never lacked giants; in every day's warfare there is displayed admirable heroism. Shall we, therefore, without remorse, inscribe the names of all our brave, toiling fellow-mortals in very unreadable pages? Be it far from us!

Without the fear of Horace before his eyes, our author opens his poem after this perplexing manner:

"Beyond the frost-king's marble-pillared  
den;  
Beyond the farthest haunts of living  
men;  
Beyond the frozen track of deep-fanged  
bear;  
Beyond the sea-calf's icy covered lair;  
Far from the circling sweep of Arctic  
bird;  
Far from the echoes by his swift flight  
stirred;  
Far from the Northern Lights fleet,  
sparkling smile;  
The brightening morn, and stars' far  
splendouring wile,  
Far from the fitful favours of the Day,  
And, from the wayward frown of Night,  
away;  
(Ambitious Night, who rent her hus-  
band's throne  
And girt her murderous heart with dia-  
mond zone  
In vain—his golden crown out-shines  
its glare,  
And with its splendour awes the yield-  
ing air!"

We yield, with the air; we can endure no longer. And we seek in vain to discover why the Frost-king prefers to live in a den; why the fangs of the bear are deep, and not long; we should like to know how the sea-calf breathes, if his lair is covered with ice; what sort of fowl is an "Arctic bird; and what is the "star's far-splendouring wile," for we have a suspicion that the words contain

treason, both against English and against common sense. But we are completely appalled by the picture of "Ambitious Night;" we had learned from Byron that she was very strong, but we had no suspicion that she could rend a throne.

All this terrific apparatus is put in motion to convey us nobody knows where; the slightly-rabid poet, himself, assures us:

"What spirits revel there, I cannot tell,"

And we are much comforted, for they must have been crazy goblins that would have scared us all.

As nearly as we can make it out by the scenery and the allusions, the first part of the poem is devoted to the Arctic voyages in search of Sir John Franklin.

The second part is devoted to the war in the Crimea. It is very full of blood and thunder; and the author has so little sense of his incapacities that he has deliberately singled out the Charge of the Six Hundred as one of his themes, and very likely conceives he has done it full justice. If we select gems from the Poem, it is only at random that we can select them; we are like the rebel angels, who

"Found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

As a specimen of fine writing, utterly without meaning, we extract the following passage:

"Angelic stars! ye souls of Poets pining  
In chains of liquid flame,  
Until, grown pure, within some heart  
enshrining,  
Earth shall resound your fame;  
Does any hero-hymn from earth arise,  
Or any herald of the silent skies  
A deed for song proclaim?"

Hush! hear you from the orphaned earth  
, arising,  
As summer day's last sigh,  
A low, sweet strain of sorrow, sympathizing  
With the o'erflowing eye?  
Oh weep! and in the boundless heaven  
of love  
Each glittering tear into thy soul shall  
prove  
A star that ne'er will die."

We think this passage unparalleled for absurdity.

The third part of the Poem is devoted to a description of the fearful visitation of the yellow fever on Norfolk. This, certainly, is the best portion of the book; but this, too, is very defective and very vague. Taking into account the general purpose of the book; the evident

warmth of the writer, as he contemplates the actions of brave men, and strives to do them honour; we regret that his enthusiasm led him so far away from a reasonable conception of his own powers. He may, perhaps, with care and reflection, attain to intelligible expression in prose; but the power of song has been denied to him. His measures are faulty, and his rhymes frequently forced; let him avoid verse hereafter, and bear in mind that useful maxim: "*N'est pas poète qui veut.*"

*The Education of the Human Race; from the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1858.*

This neat little volume hardly requires commendation at our hands. The translation seems to us exceedingly well done, and the ideas of the German philosopher are presented as clearly as in the original. And that is very clearly; for Lessing defines his thought distinctly always. The book will be new to very many of our readers; we can honestly recommend it as full of just thinking, and right views, on subjects somewhat misunderstood by most men. For most men are not philosophers; it is to be desired that they were.

"It is not true," he says, "that speculations upon these things have ever done harm, or become injurious to the body politic. You must reproach not the speculations, but the folly and the tyranny of checking them. You must lay the blame of the harm upon those who would not permit men to use their own, of which they were in possession."

*The Scouring of the White Horse; or, the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the author of "Tom Brown's School Days. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.*

Whoever has read (and who has not?) the school experiences of *Tom Brown*, will eagerly open the pages of this book, which, it will be perceived at a glance, is, in some respects, a continuation of the former admirable work by the same author.

The "White Horse" of Berkshire, so graphically described by Tom Brown in the second chapter of his autobiography, is connected, as we knew before, with a variety of ancient traditions and scattered legends of the country side, of which, the preface to this entertaining chronicle tells us, "the west-countrymen are all fond and proud." From time immemorial, it has been the custom of these patriotic individuals to cel-



celebrate the "Scouring of the White Horse" by a great festival, which lasts for two days, and which draws the whole neighbourhood, and even some of the more curious citizens of the metropolis, to the scene of the "pastime." The last celebration took place on the 17th and 18th of September, 1857, and proved so thorough a success, that the committee of arrangements deemed some little memorial of the event could not but prove acceptable to the participants, and, perhaps, even to the general public.

So the author, one of the literary gentlemen present, had the luck of "compiling and editing the book laid upon his shoulders." His shoulders were quite strong enough to sustain the burden of what was evidently a labour of love. In fact, the work is a valuable contribution to the legendary history of England. The style is pure and vigorous, and the capital illustrations of Doyle, full as they are of a quaint humour, add greatly to the interest of the text.

*English and Scottish Ballads. Selected and edited by Francis James Child, in 8 volumes. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. 1859.*

Now that this admirable edition of selections from the English and Scottish ballads is completed, no reader, not even the most fastidious, can complain of the want of a compilation that furnishes the cream of that portion of British literature, which is so essential to the proper understanding of the literary, and, in some respects, the political progress of the nation.

It appears to us that Prof. Child has accomplished his difficult task of selection and arrangement with tact, discrimination and ability. The work is more comprehensive in its plan than any of its kind which has hitherto appeared. "It includes nearly all that is known to be left to us of the ancient ballads of England and Scotland, together with a liberal selection of those which are of later date. Of traditional ballads, preserved in a variety of forms, all the important versions are given, and no genuine relic of olden minstrelsy, however mutilated or debased in its descent to our times, has on that account been excluded, if it was thought to be of value to the student of popular fiction. Of course, so extensive a plan must embrace not a little that possesses small attractions for a cursory reader. To obviate the objection arising from this circumstance, the pieces of less general interest have been thrown into an appendix at the end of each volume."

A division into books according to subjects has been adopted, the ballads in each book being grouped with some attention to chronological order, and the probable antiquity of the story. Romances of chivalry, and legends of the popular heroes of England, are printed in book *the first*; ballads, involving superstitions, as of fairies, elves, magic and ghosts, in book *the second*; tragic love ballads in books *third and fourth*; and love ballads not tragic, in book *the fifth*. The editor says, in regard to the texts, "that after selecting the most authentic copies, he has carefully adhered to the originals, as they stand in the printed collections, sometimes restoring a reading that had been changed without reason, and in all cases, indicating deviations, whether his own, or those of others, in the margin." Alluding to the famous manuscript from which Bishop Percy derived the material of his well known compilation, Prof. Child says: "It would have given me extreme satisfaction to be able to cancel, or register the numerous alterations which Bishop Percy made in the ballads copied by him, but the original manuscript has fallen into hands which deny an inspection of it, even to the most eminent of English scholars."

*Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss Pardoe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.*

The contents of this volume, the preface tells us, were obtained while the compiler was engaged in writing a royal biography, which subsequently she declined to complete. These contents are of an eminently romantic and interesting character. Few stories, which we owe merely to the imagination of man, equal in vital and thrilling effect many of the "historical episodes" in this work. We cannot but perceive, it is true, that Miss Pardoe has very highly coloured the details, but the *central facts* of these narratives have not, probably, been tampered with. The most absorbing tale in the volume is (to our taste) that entitled "An evening at LaMalmaison." The emperor, Napoleon I., is represented as being surrounded, one night, by the members of the imperial family, and the more confidential persons of their respective households, when the conversation turned upon the fortunes of the elector of Wurtemberg, whereupon Napoleon relates a tradition as to the fate of Caroline of Brunswick, which we advise all our readers, fond of melodramatic stories, detailed with harrowing minuteness, to peruse. Indeed, a

volume more highly spiced with incidents of a startling character, has not been issued from the American or English press for years.

*Laird of Norlaw, a Scottish Story.* By the author of "*Margaret Maitland*," "*Lilliesleaf*," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

A novel of considerable power and originality, showing an acute knowledge of human nature in general, and of Scottish nature and habits in particular. How impressive, for example, is the following description of the death of the Laird of Norlaw, a man who would fain die "gracefully," although he leaves his family in debt, and has almost broken his wife's heart by frequent allusions to a former and unfortunate attachment:

"The caprice of change was strong upon the dying man; he wanted his position altered twenty times in half an hour. He had not any thing much to say, yet he was hard to please for the manner of saying it; and longed, half in a human and tender yearning for remembrance, and half with the weakness of his character, that his children should never forget these last words of his, nor the circumstances of his dying. He was a good man, but he carried the defects of his personality with him to the very door of heaven. When, at last, the pillows were arranged round him, so as to raise him on his bed in the attitude he wished, he called his children, in his trembling voice. Huntley came forward from the window, with a swelling heart, scarcely able to keep down the tears of his first grief. Patrick stood by the bed-side, holding down his head, with a stubborn composure,—and Cosmo, stealing forward, threw himself on his knees and hid his sobbing in the coverlid. They were all on one side, and on the other stood the mother, the care on her brow blanching into conviction, and all her tremulous anxiety calmed with a determination not to disturb this last scene. It was the last. Hope could not stand before the look of death upon that face.

"My sons," said Norlaw, "I am just dying; but I know where I am in this strait, trusting in my Saviour. You'll remember I said this, when I'm gone."

There was a pause. Cosmo sobbed aloud in the silence, clinging to the coverlid, and Huntley's breast heaved high with a tumultuous motion—but there was not a word said to break the monologue of the father, who was going away.

"And now you'll have no father to guide you further," he continued, with a

strange pity for them in his voice. "There's your mother, at my side—as true a wife and as faithful, as ever a man had for a blessing. Boys, I leave your mother, for her jointure, the love you've had for me. Let her have it all—make amends to her. Martha, I've not been the man I might have been to you."

These last words were spoken in a tone of sudden compunction, strangely unlike the almost formal dignity of the first part of his address, and he turned his eager, dying eyes to her, with a startled apprehension of this truth, foreign to all his previous thought. She could not have spoken, to save his life. She took his hand between hers, with a low groan, and held it, looking at him with a pitiful, appealing face. The self-accusation was like an injury to her, and he was persuaded to feel it so, and to return to the current of his thoughts.

"Let your mother be your counselor; she has ever been mine," he said once more, with his sad, dying dignity, "I say nothing about your plans, because plans are ill adjuncts to a death-bed; but you'll do your best, every one, and keep your name without blemish, and fear God and honor your mother. If I were to speak for a twelvemonth I could not find more to say."

Again a pause; but this time, besides the sobs of Cosmo, Patrick's tears were dropping, like heavy drops of rain, upon the side of the bed, and Huntley crushed the curtain in his hand to support himself, and only staid here quite against his nature by strong compulsion of his will. Whether he deserved it or not, this man's fortune, all his life, had been to be loved.

"This night, Huntley will be Livingstone of Norlaw," continued the father; "but the world is fading out of my sight, boys—only I mind, and you know, that things have gone ill with us for many a year—make just the best that can be made, and never give up this house and the old name of your fathers. Melmar will try his worst against you; ay, I ought to say more; but I'm wearing faint—I'm not able; you'll have to ask your mother. Martha, give me something to keep me up a moment more."

She did so hurriedly, with a look of pain; but when he had taken a little wine, the sick man's eye wandered.

"I had something more to say," he repeated, faintly; "never mind—your mother will tell you every thing;—serve God, and be good to your mother, and mind that I die in faith. Bairns, when ye come to your latter end, take heed to set your foot fast upon the rock, that I may find you all again."

They thought he had ended now his

farewell to them. They laid him down tenderly, and, with awe and hidden tears, watched how the glow of sunset faded, and the evening gray stole in over that pallid face which, for the moment, was all the world to their eyes. Sometimes, he said a faint word to his wife, who sat holding his hand. He was conscious, and calm, and departing. His sins had been like a child's sins—capricious, wayward, fanciful transgressions. He had never harmed any one but himself and his own household—remorseful recollections did not trouble him—and, weak as he was, all his life long he had kept tender in his heart a child's faith. He was dying like a Christian, though not even his faith and comfort, nor the great shadow of death which he was meeting, could sublime his last hours out of nature. God does not always make a Christian's death-bed sublime. But he was fast going where there is no longer any weakness, and the calm of the evening rest was on the ending of his life.

Candles had been brought softly into the room; the moon rose, the night wore on, but they still waited. No one could withdraw from that watch, which it is agony to keep, and yet worse agony to be debarred from keeping, and when it was midnight, the pale face began to flush by intervals, and the fainting frame to grow restless and uneasy. Cosmo, poor boy, struck with the change, rose up to look at him, with a wild, sudden hope that he was getting better; but Cosmo shrunk appalled at the sudden cry which burst as strong as if perfect health had uttered it from the heaving, panting heart of his father.

'Huntley, Huntley, Huntley!' cried the dying man, but it was not his son he called. 'Do I know her name? She's but Mary of Melmar—evermore Mary to me—and the will is there—in the mid chamber. Aye! where is she? your mother will tell you all—it's too late for me.'

The last words were irresolute and confused, dropping back into the faint whispers of death. When he began to speak, his wife had risen from her seat by the bed-side—her cheeks flushed, she held his hand tight, and over the face of her tenderness came an indescribable cloud of mortification, of love aggrieved and impatient, which could not be concealed. She did not speak, but stood watching him, holding his hand close in her own, even after he was silent—and not even when the head sank lower down among the pillows, and the eyes grew dim, and the last hour came, did the watcher resume the patient seat which she had kept so long. She stood by him with a mind disqui-

eted, doing every thing that she could do—quick to see, and tender to minister; but the sacramental calm of the vigil was broken—and the widow stood still by the bed when the early summer light came in over her shoulder, to show how, with the night, this life was over, and every thing was changed. Then she fell down by the bed-side, scarcely able to move her strained limbs, and struck to the heart with the chill of her widowhood.

It was all over—all over—and the new day, in a blaze of terrible sunshine, and the new solitude of life, were to begin together. But her sons, as they were forced to withdraw from the room where one was dead, and one lost in the first blind agony of a survivor, did not know what last pang of a long bitterness that was, which struck its final sting, to aggravate all her grievous trouble into their mother's heart.

*Memoirs of the Opera in Italy, France, Germany and England. By George Hogarth. In two volumes. London: Richard Bentley*

This is a delightful book, containing in a small compass a vast amount of information on the origin of Operas, the lives and habits of composers and singers, and the progress of the taste for the Opera in Europe. The work does not at all enter into competition with the fuller lives of the great artists, already given to the world, but is in a measure a commentary upon them. A more pleasing volume it would be hard to find in those odd hours which come to all, when thought is weary, and life seems but a mere round of uninteresting pursuits. It is hardly possible to turn over the leaves of the book without lighting upon passages which invite the attention. The information furnished upon the habits of the earlier composers is very interesting, and we make a few extracts.

Of Paesiello, one of the great Neapolitan masters, born at Taranto in 1741, we have the following account. Favoured alike by the Bourbons, by Joseph Bonaparte, and by Murat, on the return of the Bourbon family to power, Paesiello was deprived of many of his situations. Le Sueur says of him: "Paesiello was not only a great musician, but possessed a large fund of general information. He was well versed in the dead languages, acquainted with all branches of literature, and on terms of friendship with the most distinguished persons of the age. His mind was noble, and above all mean passions; he neither knew envy nor the feeling of rivalry.

He composed seventy-eight operas, of which twenty-seven were serious and fifty-one comic, besides many smaller works. His style is characterized by great simplicity and apparent facility; yet there is probably no composer to whose music the expression of *Carissimi* was so aptly applied; "*Quanto è difficile questo facile!*" The profound harmonies and learned contrivances of the German masters may be imitated by dint of application and study. But *Paesello's* few and simple notes, so full of grace and beauty, so deep and various in their expression, are beyond the reach of imitation. Sounds at all resembling his must flow, without labour and without effort, from a fountain of melody as pure and abundant as his own. His very simplicity is the greatest mark of his abundance; it was never necessary for him to have recourse to artifice and complication, for the purpose of concealing poverty of invention. His accompaniments are similar in character to his vocal parts; wholly without elaboration or display of learning, but clear, picturesque and effective. They not only sustain and relieve the voice, but are full of instrumental effects, which, in his time, were new and original, and will never cease to charm those who prefer delicacy and refinement to loud and overpowering masses of sound.—*Paesello* introduced the viola, the clarinet and the bassoon into the theatres of Naples. His genius seems to have inclined rather to the comic than the tragic; and his operas, *La Pazza per Amore*, *La Frascatana*, *La Molinara*, with several others, still keep the stage in Germany, where excellence is not sacrificed to novelty.

Of *Pacchierotti*, who was, next to *Farinelli*, the greatest singer of the last century, the following anecdote is told: Many circumstances have been related, indicative of this great singer's power of moving the feelings of his hearers, which power was his peculiar excellence. When *Metastasio's Artaserse* was represented at Rome with the music of *Bertoni*, *Pacchierotti* performed the part of *Arbaces*. In the scene in which the prince utters the pathetic exclamation, "*Eppur sono innocente!*" the composer had placed after these words a short instrumental symphony—*Pacchierotti* uttered the phrase, but no symphony followed.—Surprised, he turned hastily to the leader of the Orchestra, saying, "what are you about?" The leader, as if awakened from a trance, sobbed out with great simplicity, "we are weeping." Not one of the band had thought of the symphony, but they were all sitting, with eyes full of tears, gazing on the actor.

*Gretry* was born at *Liege* in 1741. At

eighteen he travelled on foot to *Rome*, and became a pupil of *Casali*. Having finished his studies, he went to *Paris*, and wrote an opera. But this was so coldly performed by the actors, that the audience remained perfectly indifferent to the music. In despair, he was about to leave *Paris*, when *Marmontel*, who had recognized his merit, came to the rescue—he wrote the words of "*Le Huron*," and *Gretry* adapted the music. The opera was brought out in August, 1768, and received with enthusiasm. "Next morning," says *Gretry*, "a friend called upon me, and asked me to go with him, 'as he had something pleasant to show.' 'Well,' said I, 'let us go; for I am tired with hearing new pieces read to me this morning.' 'What! already?' 'To be sure—why I have had five pieces offered, which have been accepted at the theatre; and the poets who have honoured me with their visits are the very men whom I have so long been vainly beseeching to give me something.' 'Ah!' said my friend, how I was amused last night, while your opera was going on! I had a perfect crowd of these gentlemen about me; and at the end of every air, they were crying, *Ah! he shall do my piece—you shall see, gentlemen, what I shall give him!* If the air was a comic one, *Ah!* cried somebody, *I have comic airs in my piece, too; bravo, bravo! he is my man!* But," added my friend, "have you agreed with any of these gentlemen?" "O no; I have told them that *Marmontel* shall have the preference, as he was willing to take his chance with me." My friend and I went out together; he took me to a little street behind the Italian theatre, where he showed me a snuff shop, which had got above the door "*The great Huron; N—, tobacco-nist.*" I went in and bought a pound, which, of course, I found excellent."

The following particulars respecting the sad catastrophe which robbed the musical world of one who was its chief grace and ornament, were given by a writer who was at *Manchester* when the event occurred.

"Those who were near the late lamented vocalist, state the closing scene of her existence to have been melancholy in the extreme. Though the hand of death was on her, she would not spare herself, from a fear that she might be accused of capriciously disappointing her admirers. On her way to her last, or last but one performance, she fainted repeatedly, yet still adhered to her resolution. In the evening prior to the first day's performance at the Collegiate Church, she sang no less than fourteen pieces in her room at the hotel, among her Italian friends. *De Beriot* cautioned her against exerting herself, but Mali-

bran was not to be easily checked in her career. She was ill on Tuesday, (the day of the first performance) but she insisted on singing both morning and evening. On Wednesday her indisposition was still more evident; but she gave the last sacred composition she ever sang, 'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously,' with electrical effect; and on that evening, the 14th of September, her last notes in public were heard. It was in the duet with Madam Caradori Allan, '*Vanne se alberghi in petto*,' from Mercadante's *Audronico*. Her exertions in the encore of this duet were tremendous, and the fearful shake at the top of the voice will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was a desperate struggle against sinking nature; it was the last vivid glare of the expiring lamp; she never sang afterwards. The house rang with animated cheering; hats and handkerchiefs were waving over the heads of the assembly; but the victim of excitement, while the echoes were yet in her ears, sank exhausted after leaving the stage, and her vocal career was ended. She was bled, and removed home; and her agonizing cries that night will not be erased from the memory of the writer of this article, who was within a short distance of the room in which she expired."

The following traits, among many others, may serve to illustrate Madame Malibran's character. They are taken from the memoir of her which appeared in the *Musical World*.

A poor Italian chorus-singer in the king's theatre, having lost his voice by a severe cold, applied to Madam Malibran for pecuniary assistance. to enable him to return to his native country. Having ascertained the truth of his destitute condition, she gave him five sovereigns, telling him that his passage was paid to Leghorn, and from thence to his native place. The poor man, on hearing these glad tidings, exclaimed, in the fullness of his heart, "Ah! Madam, you have saved me forever!" "No," she replied, with a benevolent smile; "the Almighty alone can do that. Pray, tell nobody."

An Italian professor of music gave a concert in London the year before her death. He had engaged her to sing for him, on her usual terms of twenty guineas. The concert was very thinly attended, and was a loss to the poor musician. He called to pay her, or rather to offer her a moiety of her terms, which she refused to accept, saying she must have the full and stipulated amount. The Italian doled it out very slowly, and when he had counted twenty sovereigns, looked up as if to ask if that would not do. "No—another sovereign," she said, "my terms are twenty guineas, not

pounds." He put down the other sovereign, saying to himself with a sigh, "my poor wife and children!" Malibran took up the money, and then saying, with great earnestness of manner, "I insisted on having my full terms, that the sum might be the larger for your acceptance," put the gold into the hand of the astonished professor, and hastily wiping a tear from her eye, hurried out of the room.

She performed an act of the same nature when at Venice. The proprietor of the Teatro Emeronittio had requested her to sing once at his theatre; "I will," answered she, "but on the condition that not a word is said about remuneration." The poor man was saved from ruin. The character she took was Amina; she was visited by throngs, and the storm of applause lasted a full half hour. A vast multitude afterwards followed her home with expressions of boundless enthusiasm. The Teatro Emeronittio is now called the Teatro Garcia.

Madame Malibran was interred at Manchester, with every demonstration of respect and sympathy. But, in consequence of an application by her mother, who came to England for that purpose, permission was granted by the proper authorities to disinter her remains, which were re-interred by her husband in the church of the village of Laken, near Brussels.

*The Afternoon of Unmarried Life; from the Last London Edition. New York: Rudd & Carleton, 310 Broadway. 1859. Charleston: S. G. Courtenay & Co.*

The purpose of this modest volume is succinctly put forth in the preface: "I have endeavoured to convince my unmarried countrywomen that we are already a privileged and happy sisterhood, and that if we look for any more immunities or wider scope, good sense will look for these in our own hearts, and not elsewhere."

Criticism is, in a measure, disarmed, before a writer thus open, and so abounding in optimism; and we doubt the fitness of the motto of the book, from Lamartine, with its utterance of unrest, "*J'ai dit dans mon coeur, que faire de la vie?*" But we must acknowledge that much earnest thinking is evinced throughout the work, and an honest desire to make a good case of the condition in which the writer finds herself. Let us say at once that we fully believe in the existence of happiness in the unmarried state, both for man and woman; that, though we believe that state contrary to the express design of Providence, we do not think all misery included in, or all happiness excluded from, that condition of life. The civilized por-

tion of mankind, by the very fact of civilization, resign many of the obligations, and part with many of the privileges of natural life; for them there is a new heaven and a new earth; and a form of life with new conditions. These we believe to be plain truths, worthy to be borne in mind, when we come to the consideration of facts apparently exceptional, and contradictory of what we accept as the law of nature.

Our author has sought for consolation—we use the word without invidiousness—in all quarters; and of the purely human means, the influence of literature seems to have been the most effectual in soothing that “sickness of the soul” which must sometimes overtake the lonely heart. That purest source of pleasure, so powerful in this individual case, is earnestly, affectionately commended to all the sisterhood of the unwedded. Unwedded, but not unloved; for the heart of every reader, we doubt not, cherishes some dear sister, some dear relative, whose warmth of unselfish affection has sanctified the whole sisterhood. Well may these be named the Sisters of Charity of the world, whom the world knows not.

The quiet philosophy of the author seems purely the product of conscientious culture and self-study; we find in the volume abundant evidence that it arises from no deficiency of feeling. The problem of the life laid upon her has been fairly considered; and the result as fairly accepted.

Though written confessedly for unmarried women, there is much in this volume that is applicable to both sexes, and to all periods of life, and we heartily commend it to the notice of our readers.

*The Complete Poetical Works of James Montgomery, in five volumes. Little, Brown & Co: Boston 1859.*

As a purely religious poet, Montgomery's rank has long been settled beyond the possibility of dispute or cavil. His facile fancy, and somewhat singular command of the more ordinary modes of poetical expression, united to his sincere piety and the perfect clearness of his modes of thought, have rendered him a great favourite with the masses, whilst some of his miscellaneous poems, like the poem (for example) called the “Common Lot,” address the sympathies of that higher class of readers, whose verdict is of so much more importance than the uncertain approval of the herd.

This edition, like all of Messrs. Little & Brown's publications, is, typographically, almost perfect. It is enriched by good annotations, and a brief, but satisfactory, biographical sketch of the poet.

The following books have been received:

Barth's Africa, vol. iii.; La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, etc.; Terence and Phædrus; Sylvan Holt's Daughter; The Old Plantation. *Harper & Brothers.*

Scouring of the White Horse; Arago's Biographies, 1st and 2d series; The Life of Douglas Jerrold. *Ticknor & Fields.*

Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History; Eric, or Little by Little; Ethel's Love-Life; Southwold. *Rudd & Carleton, by S. G. Courtenay & Co.*



